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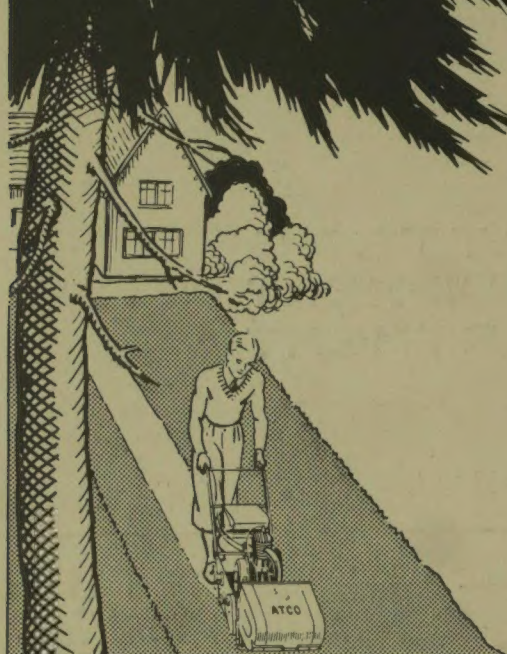
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1933.



**THE MOSCOW TRIAL: MR. LESLIE C. THORNTON, ONE OF THE BRITISH ACCUSED, ANSWERING THE PRESIDENT OF THE COURT.—LEFT, HIS COUNSEL, M. BRAUDE, AND MME. KUTUZOVA, RIGHT, MR. JOHN CUSHNY.**

Mr. Leslie Charles Thornton, assistant to Mr. Allan Monkhouse, chief engineer for the Metropolitan-Vickers firm in Russia, is seen standing, answering a question put by the Court. On the left of the photograph are M. Ilya Braude, the Russian counsel for Mr. Thornton, and (behind him) Mme. Kutuzova, a Moscow secretary of the company, one of the eleven accused Russians. On the right of the photograph is Mr. John Cushny, electrical engineer, another of the six British accused. In the background is one of the armed guards. As we note elsewhere, the trial began on April 12, in the Hall of the Trades Unions, Moscow, from which, it is interesting to add, the slogan-bearing streamers common to Soviet Courts were absent. In his final speech, M. Andrew Vishinsky, the Soviet Prosecutor, said angrily to Mr. Thornton:

"You will be no use in Russia or England. Perhaps you will be used as manure for our Socialist fields somewhere." Thus, the "Times" report. The official account issued by our Foreign Office included the following statement, also made by M. Vishinsky: "'Well, Mr. Thornton, we do not want war, but we are ready for it.' Let Thornton try, and then he would find out what our defensive and offensive capacities are.'" Later, according to the same communiqué, the Prosecutor, referring to Mr. Thornton's notebooks regarding his monetary transactions, said: "'They are, of course, safer in London than here. But Thornton, after we have finished dealing with him here, will also have to give an account of his crimes over there when he goes back.'" Assuredly, this last statement as to "crimes" is nothing if not cryptic!





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE already remarked, with all the restraint that I could command, that of all modern phenomena, the most monstrous and ominous, the most manifestly rotting with disease, the most grimly prophetic of destruction, the most clearly and unmistakably inspired by evil spirits, the most instantly and awfully overshadowed by the wrath of heaven, the most near to madness and moral chaos, the most vivid with devilry and despair, is the practice of having to listen to loud music while eating a meal in a restaurant. It has in it that sort of distraction that is worse than dissipation. For, though we talk lightly of doing this or that to distract the mind, it remains really as well as verbally true that to be distracted is to be distraught. The original Latin word does not mean relaxation; it means being torn asunder as by wild horses. The original Greek word, which corresponds to it, is used in the text which says that Judas burst asunder in the midst. To think of one thing at a time is the best sort of thinking; but it is possible, in a sense, to think of two things at a time, if one of them is really subconscious and therefore really subordinate. But to deal with a second thing which by its very nature thrusts itself more and more aggressively in front of the first thing is to find the very crux of psychological crucifixion. I have generally found that the refined English persons who think it idolatrous to contemplate a religious image, turn up next time full of delighted admiration of some Yogi or Esoteric Hindu who only contemplates his big toe. But at least he contemplates something, and does not have to have ten thousand brazen drums to encourage him to do it. He is so far a real philosopher, in spite of his philosophy. He does not try to do two incompatible things at once.

Some social gestures have been found compatible with social intercourse by that very practical psychology which is as old as the world. Drinking is a help to talking; eating may be indulged in with due moderation and proportion; smoking is also a subconscious and therefore soothing pleasure. But talking to people who are listening to something else which is not the talk is a sort of complex or nexus of futility. To listen to a loud noise which is noisy enough to make speech inaudible, and not noisy enough to make silence conventional, is a strangling cross-purposes of contradiction. Also, as I have often pointed out, it is rude to everybody concerned. It is as if I went to hear Paderewski or Kreisler, at a concert, and started to spread out an elegant supper in front of me, with oysters and pigeon-pie and champagne, coffee and liqueurs. One is an insult to the cook and the other to the musician; but both would be an insult to a companion who had come under the impression that he was to enjoy himself under normal and traditional conditions; of attention during the performance of a concert, or conversation during the progress of a dinner. Sometimes a guest is actually described as being invited to "a quiet dinner." It is rather a quaint phrase when one considers it; as implying that the dinner itself could be noisy; that the soup would roar like the sea, or the asparagus become talkative, or the mutton-chop shriek aloud like the mandrake. But it does bear witness to the normal conception of comfort; that a quiet dinner means a quiet talk. Why, then, should two people walk into the middle of an enormous noise in order to have a quiet talk?

Nevertheless, in contradiction of all my present remarks, in violation of all my principles, I did actually

the other day pay some attention to the band that was playing in a restaurant. For one thing, the nightmare of noise, recalling the horns of hell rather than the horns of elfland, is generally accompanied by that undercurrent of battering monotony which I believe is supposed to be one of the charms of jazz. And, without professing to know much about music, I have formed a very strong impression about jazz. It does express something; and what it expresses is

thrilling also. But it cannot be liberating, or even loosening; it does not escape as a common or vulgar melody can escape. It is the Song of the Treadmill. I had grown sufficiently used to the dull roar of it, in such places, that it did not prevent me from thinking, even if it did prevent me from talking. And then, of a sudden, the musicians began to play the tunes of a particular pre-war period, which was more or less the period of my own early youth. Most of them were quite cheap tunes attached to quite silly songs. But they were tunes and they were songs. And therefore they expressed something which has hitherto been the secret of man and the whole meaning of his position in nature: they expressed Liberty.

For that is exactly the paradox of the transformation that has taken place. The old popular tune was banal, but it was free. Its rhythm was not only repetition. It ran only in order to jump; and its last lap was a great leap that was called a chorus. The swing in it was not the swing of a pendulum, but the swing of a hammer when it is flung finally hurtling from the hand in the old Highland sport. In other words, it escaped; somewhere in the course of it, however crude, however obvious, there was a movement of escape; and the only meaning of jazz is that there is no escape. As it was with the music (save the mark!), so it was with the literature (God help it!). The silly old song was sentimental, but it was also romantic. That is, it believed in itself and its own chances of individual happiness; and happiness has to be taken seriously. But the modern world can only believe in unhappiness, and therefore refuses to take it seriously. But the result is a great loss of the purely lyrical quality and instinct. I do not demand a high place in English letters, or a prominent position in the "Golden Treasury," for the chorus of my youth which ran "Beer, beer, glorious beer, fill yourself right up to here." But I do say that nobody, after consuming any number of cocktails, has yet been inspired to cry aloud anything so spirited and spontaneous and direct.

The poetry inspired by cocktails is timid and tortuous and self-conscious and indirect. I do not say that the song beginning "Daisy, Daisy," is one of the supreme achievements of the English muse, but I do say that it is a song that can be sung. And in the age of jazz and cocktails, men either write songs that could not possibly be sung, or leave off writing songs and write fragments of a demented diary instead.

It is the loss of this great Gusto that seems to me the most curious result of the relaxation of Victorian conventions. For we are always told that we were always restricted; that conventions crushed our fathers and mothers and chilled our childhood with respectability. And yet it is certainly true that, if those old songs were bad or banal, they were much more bold and boisterous than anything that has succeeded them. Sometimes I think that our fathers were hard workers and really had holidays. Their holidays were often an orgy of bathos, but they were free. But the modern poet must always be on his best behaviour; I mean, of course, that he must always be on his worst behaviour. He must never be seen except in uniform; that is, in the funeral motley of the cynic. He can never become part of a crowd, even for the singing of a chorus. I looked round sadly in my restaurant, full of fashionably dressed people; but none of them attempted to join in the chorus of "Beer, beer, glorious beer." So, as they say in the short stories, I paid my bill and sadly went out into the night.



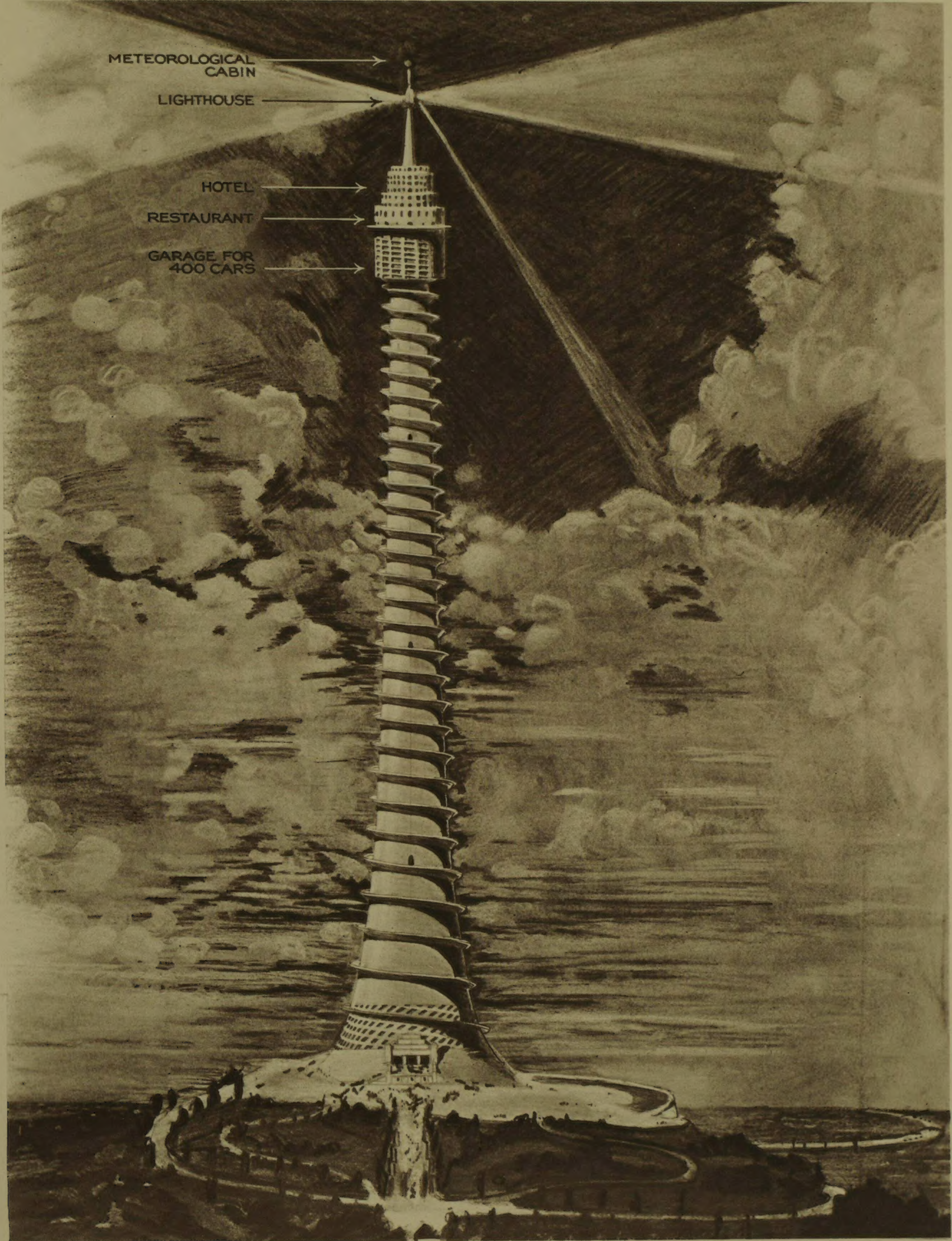
THE LADY THROUGH WHOSE GENEROSITY THE MOUNT EVEREST AIR EXPEDITION WAS MADE POSSIBLE: LADY HOUSTON.

The Mount Everest Air Expedition, which, as already recorded in our columns, met with immediate and striking success, was only rendered possible by the generosity of Lady Houston. Her object in financing the expedition was "to prove to India and the Indians that there are still men of grit and determination in England." We shall publish air-photographs of Everest—taken by the Expedition—in our next issue; dated April 29.

Slavery. That is why the same sort of thrill can be obtained by the throb of savage tom-toms, in music or drama connected with the great slave-land of Africa. Jazz is the very reverse of an expression of liberty, or even an excessive expression of liberty, or even an expression of licence. It is the expression of the pessimist idea that nature never gets beyond nature, that life never rises above life, that man always finds himself back where he was at the beginning, that there is no revolt, no redemption, no escape for the slaves of the earth and of the desires of the earth. There is any amount of pessimistic poetry on that theme that is thrilling enough in its own way; and doubtless the music on that theme can be



EIFFEL "OUT-EIFFELED": THE PROJECTED "LIGHTHOUSE OF THE WORLD."



A STRUCTURE TO DWARF THE TALLEST SKYSCRAPER: THE DESIGN FOR A SUGGESTED TOWER 2300 FT. HIGH FOR THE 1937 PARIS EXHIBITION, WITH SPIRAL CAR-TRACK, GARAGE, RESTAURANT, AND LIGHTHOUSE.

In connection with the plans for the Paris Exhibition of 1937 a startling project has been suggested — the construction of a huge tower of reinforced concrete about 2300 ft. high, to be known as the Phare du Monde (Lighthouse of the World), from the great beacon light at the top. It would be more than double the height of the Eiffel Tower (984 ft.), and nearly twice that of the world's tallest skyscraper—the Empire State Building in New York (1248 ft.). Besides interior lifts, there would be a spiral motor-track outside

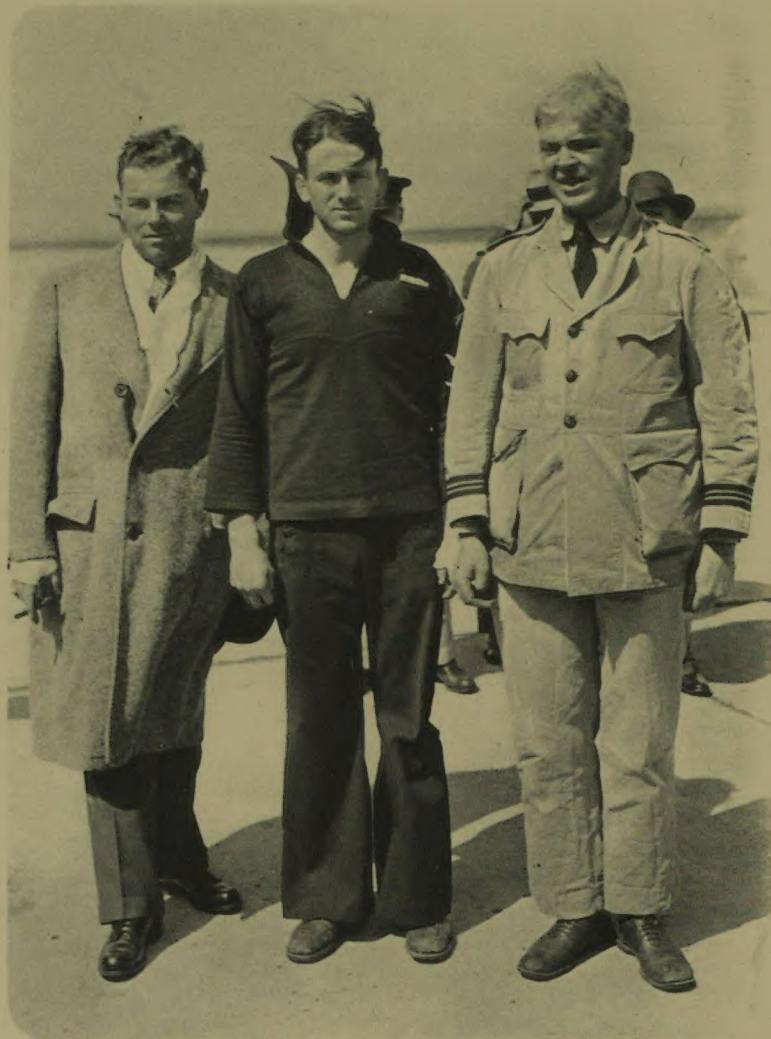
leading to the first platform (some 1600 ft. above the ground) with a garage for about 400 cars. Thence a smaller track for light cars would ascend to another platform (about 300 ft. higher) with a restaurant to accommodate about 2000 people. Higher still would be a solarium for sun-bathing, and, above the lighthouse, a meteorological cabin. The engineer, M. Freyssinet, estimates the cost at between £440,000 and £550,000, or less than half that of the Eiffel Tower, and the site he suggests is Mont Valérien.



# THE DISASTER TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIRSHIP: "AKRON" SURVIVORS.



ONE OF THE "AKRON" AEROPLANES WHICH HAD BEEN AWAITING HER ARRIVAL AT BARNEGAT POINT, WITH THE PILOT (LIEUT. JAMES JOHNSON) ABOUT TO START IN SEARCH OF SURVIVORS AND WRECKAGE.



THE THREE "AKRON" SURVIVORS AT A NEW YORK AERODROME JUST BEFORE THEIR FLIGHT TO WASHINGTON, WHERE THEY SAW PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: (L. TO R.) RICHARD DEAL, E. L. ERWIN, AND LIEUT.-COM. H. V. WILEY.



THE GERMAN MOTOR-TANKER "PHŒBUS," WHICH PICKED UP THE SURVIVORS, AND THE U.S. CRUISER "PORTLAND" (BEYOND), SEEN FROM THE COASTGUARD DESTROYER "TUCKER" (LEFT FOREGROUND), WHICH TOOK THE SURVIVORS ASHORE.

The disaster to the United States Navy Airship "Akron"—the largest airship in the world—(recorded in our issue of April 8) occurred at about 12.30 a.m. (American time) on April 4, when she crashed into the sea during a thunderstorm some twenty miles east of Barnegat Point, New Jersey. Of the 76 officers and crew on board (besides four distinguished passengers, including Admiral Moffett), only four were picked up alive by the German motor-tanker "Phœbus," and one of these died shortly afterwards. The three survivors were Lieut.-Com.



THE THREE SURVIVORS LANDING AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD: RICHARD DEAL (ON STRETCHER), E. L. ERWIN (WRAPPED IN BLANKET, BEYOND), AND LIEUT.-COM. WILEY (BAREHEADED, NEXT BUT ONE TO LEFT OF ERWIN).

H. V. Wiley, second officer and in charge of the ship at the time; Richard Deal, Boatswain's mate; and E. L. Erwin. They were transhipped from the "Phœbus" to the U.S. coastguard destroyer "Tucker," which had arrived at dawn and hurried them ashore for medical attention. They were landed at Brooklyn Navy Yard, New York. On April 6 they travelled to Washington by air to give evidence before the Naval Board of Inquiry, and were received by President Roosevelt, to whom they related their experiences. Lieut.-Com. Wiley denied that

(Continued opposite.)



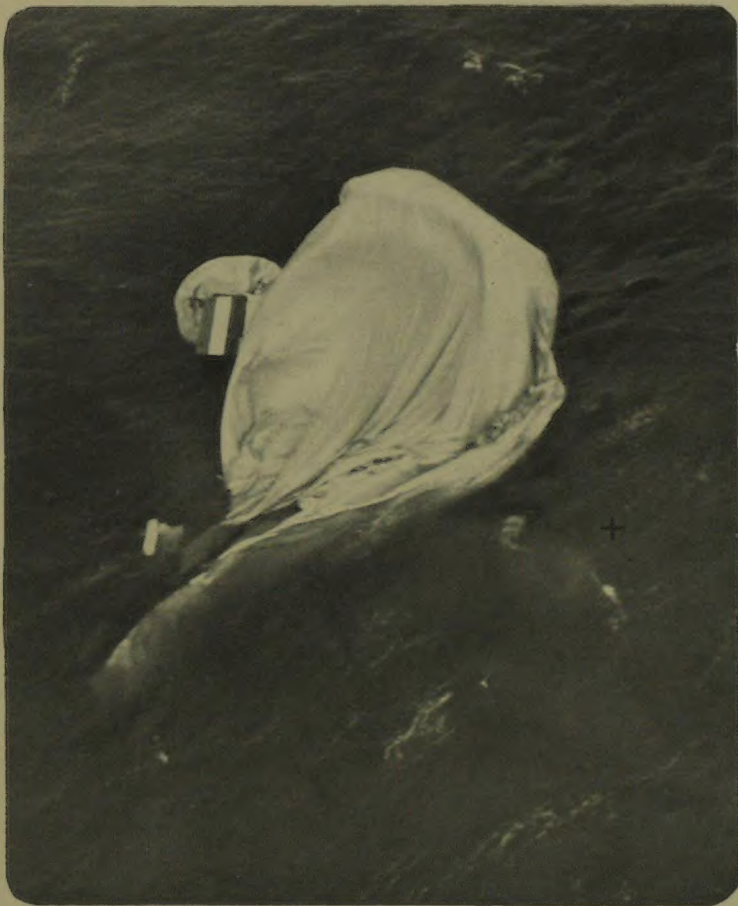
# A TRAGIC SEQUEL: THE "AKRON" DISASTER REPEATED IN MINIATURE.



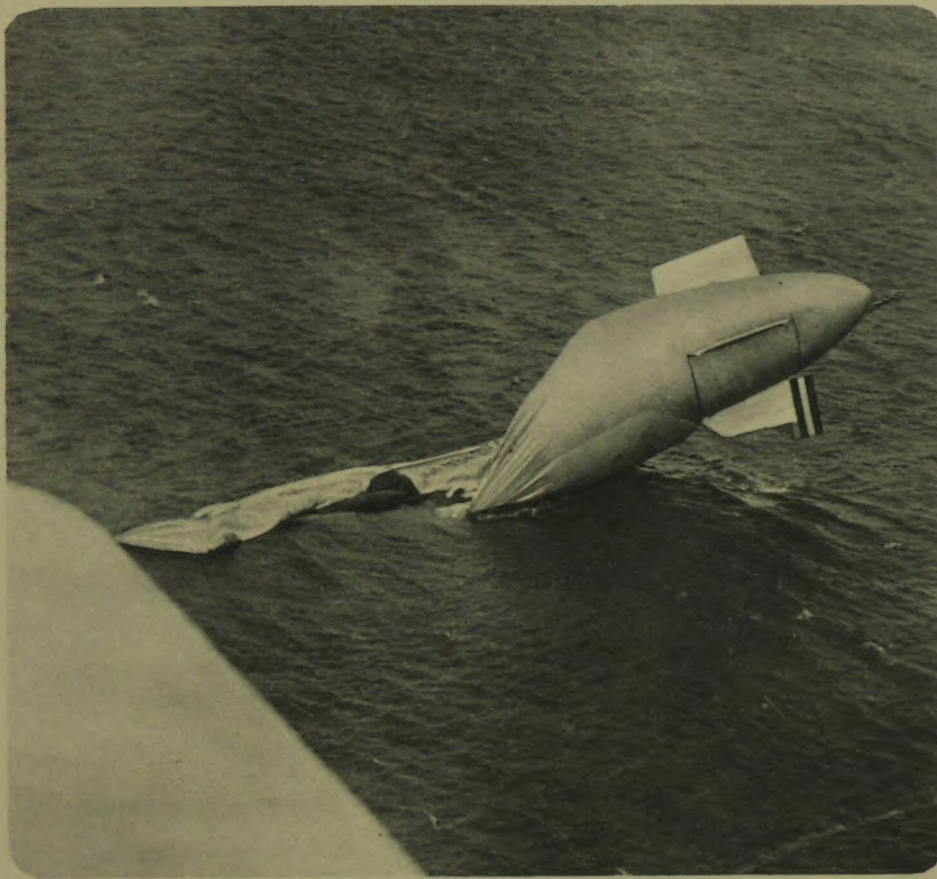
THE U.S. NAVAL BLIMP (SMALL SEMI-RIGID DIRIGIBLE) "J3" JUST BEFORE ITS CRASH INTO THE SEA WHILE GALLANTLY SEARCHING FOR "AKRON" SURVIVORS AND WRECKAGE.



THE DISASTER TO THE "J3," IN WHICH THE COMMANDER AND ONE OF THE CREW LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKED BLIMP SEEN FROM THE SHORE, AMID DRIVING RAIN, AT BEACH HAVEN, NEW JERSEY.



A CLOSE VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE NAVAL BLIMP "J3," LOST DURING A SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS FROM THE AIRSHIP "AKRON": THE CRUMPLED ENVELOPE ON THE WATER.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WRECKED "J3" TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE (PARTLY SEEN IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND): THE TAIL OF THE SMALL SEMI-RIGID DIRIGIBLE STILL EMERGING FROM THE SEA.

*Continued.*  
the "Akron" had been struck by lightning, and said that she had been simply dashed into the sea by the force of the storm. In his report to the Navy Department he stated: "The ship was demolished upon impact. The discipline in the control car was perfect." Cruisers and destroyers directed by the cruiser "Portland," one of the first ships to arrive, searched the Atlantic over an area of 100 miles, but it was stated on the 6th that only minor débris had been found. A gallant effort to help in the search was made by the U.S. Naval

blimp "J3," a small semi-rigid dirigible, whose Commander had pleaded for permission to do so in face of a driving rainstorm off a fog-bound coast. Unhappily, this brave attempt likewise ended in disaster, for the "J3" was blown into the sea on April 4 while seeking to land at Beach Haven, New Jersey. The gas-bag collapsed over her gondolas. The Commander and five men were rescued by a New York City police aeroplane, but another member of the crew was drowned and the Commander died later.



## GRAND OPERA SCENERY BY SLIDES: COMPLETE SETTINGS CONTAINED IN A SMALL BOX.



GRAND OPERA "SCENERY" CREATED BY PROJECTING LANTERN-SLIDE PICTURES ON TO A CURVED "HORIZON": (AT TOP; LEFT TO RIGHT) AT WORK ON LANTERN-SLIDES PREPARATORY TO THEIR USE FOR A PRODUCTION; A STAGE FITTED WITH A CURVED "HORIZON" ON WHICH THE PROJECTORS THROW THE IMAGES OF THE LANTERN-SLIDES; PROJECTORS IN THE RIGGING-LOFT BEHIND THE "HORIZON." (MIDDLE ROW; LEFT TO RIGHT) A STRIKING EFFECT OBTAINED BY THE USE OF "LANTERN-SLIDE SCENERY"



THIS ingenious device whereby the scenery for a complete opera may be contained in a small box originated in Germany: partly as a measure of economy. We gave a detailed description of the invention in October 1931; together with a number of photographs and diagrams. Since then this most effective method of stage setting—after successful use in the Vienna Opera House and Burgtheater, and in the Berlin Opera House—has been adapted to the Paris Opera, and the striking effects obtained by it in a production of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust" were much admired. We reproduce some of them here. A description of the method of projection will not be out of place. The projections are of two kinds. The first is rarely used and presents no difficulties: on a white screen, a picture is projected from behind the stage; but, owing to the flat projection, this picture only

## PAGEANTRY ON CURVED "HORIZONS": STRIKING AND ECONOMICAL EFFECTS IN PARIS.



IN "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST" AT THE PARIS OPERA; ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST"; THE HELL RIDE OF FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES RENDERED BY THE SAME TECHNIQUE AT THE PARIS OPERA; AND ANOTHER WEIRD SCENE FROM "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST." (BELOW; LEFT) THE THREE LANTERN-SLIDES WHICH, THROWN ON THE BACK-CLOTH (OR "HORIZON") BY THREE PROJECTORS, GIVE SOME 1800 SQUARE YARDS OF SCENERY (AND (RIGHT) AN IMPRESSIVE LANTERN-SLIDE BACKGROUND FOR "AIDA" IN USE.



imperfectly conveys the illusion of an expanse of space, and consequently can only be employed in special instances. The second method makes use of a curved "horizon" at the back of the stage as the surface of projection, and this permits the use of the whole stage space. Behind the stage, three projecting lanterns are placed side by side in such a manner that the area of the image produced by each lantern is 20 by 30 metres; the entire irradiated surface of the curved "horizon" therefore being 1800 square metres. Adjustment of the three pictures projected by the three lanterns presents great difficulties, and, besides this, a new problem is created by the surface of the elliptically-curved screen, on which a normal image would appear in distorted form. This difficulty is overcome by using lantern-slides bearing a distorted drawing of the scenery, which is seen in proper perspective when projected on to the curved "horizon" behind the performers. The cost of making slides is negligible; and scenery stores and laborious transport are done away with.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "DER TRÄUMENDE MUND."

WHETHER or no "Der Träumende Mund," the first sound-film with the famous German stage and screen artist, Miss Elisabeth Bergner, in the stellar rôle to be shown in London, is destined to be a popular success, it is a picture that no discriminating filmgoer should miss. After its initial presentation by the Film Society, which is continually adding to our already considerable debt of gratitude, it has been secured by the Academy Cinema for a run. I can only hope that there are sufficient lovers of screen art in the Metropolis to secure for this film the success it deserves. It is not an "easy picture" for an English public. Taken at its surface value, it might easily be dismissed as a variant of the eternal triangle. It moves slowly, and it makes a definite demand on the imagination of the audience to fill up gaps of time. One or two cuts—or so it seemed to me, when I saw it for a second time—have made the demand even greater. Furthermore, the extremely natural dialogue, the volubility of one at least of the characters, the demi-tones of emotion, all present difficulties that are scarcely solved by the continual super-imposition of rather trite English titles. The actual story is so slender that it may appear unduly prolonged to the casual patron. Yet every step of the way is subtly planned, the final tragedy is prepared with a sensitive insight into human nature, and the acting is of the kind that breaks right away from conventional emphasis, from dramatic "high-lights" and sensationalism.

Based on M. Henri Bernstein's play "Melo," it is a study of love and loyalties. A young wife, a devoted husband whose career as a musician has not carried him further than first violin in an orchestra, and the friend of his youth, a world-renowned violinist, are the protagonists. The wife, little more than a charming, petted child at first, falls under the spell of the maestro. She puts up a pathetic little fight, then yields. But she has love enough for both men. They claim her, clutch at her; she is caught and crushed between the two. She can find no other escape but death. Dr. Paul Czimmer, who directs all the films in which his wife, Miss Elisabeth Bergner, appears, handles not only the "star," but the theme itself, with an intimate touch and a gradual, almost imperceptible, building up of emotional values. His camera angles are always interesting, but when he uses an unusual line of vision it has an immediate bearing on his subject-matter. Thus a vista of the crowded concert-hall, seen over the shoulder of the violinist, a sea of blurred faces, with the hand and fiddle-neck looming large in the foreground, lends peculiar meaning to the frequent cut-backs to Miss Bergner's rapt and wide-eyed attention. Her growing response to the dominating personality of the fiddler emerges clearly. Miss Bergner's performance throughout has a rare and lovely quality. Elusive, tender, gay or tragic, she never forces the note, never aims at an effect. Yet her sense of rhythm and of timing endow her smallest gesture with meaning. Her thought lights up within her—there is no other way to describe it—and its beam illuminates the traffic of the screen. She could have found no better foil and partner than Herr Rudolf Forster, whose restrained yet forceful portrayal of the violinist adds the note of strength to a picture of unusual calibre.

### AN INDUSTRIAL DOCUMENT.

Whilst our film producers, with few exceptions, seem to fight shy of using our industries as a background for

fictional pictures, the development of the industrial documentary film, frankly designed for educational and publicity purposes, moves forward apace. That this branch of kinematic activity is alive and enterprising was brought home to me by an interesting example recently shown by the Film Society, to whom our gratitude is due for including in its programme an unusually fine picture marking the progress of British screen-art in the non-fictional field. "The Voice of the World," produced by New Era Productions for the Empire Marketing Board, and directed by Mr. Arthur Elton, is an exciting and urgent piece of work. As its title indicates, its concern is with the manufacture

and with it an appreciation of the meticulous care, the expert skill, the endless labour, the miracles of machinery that bring the voice of the world into our homes. Mr. Elton has brought our industrial films into line with the outstanding Continental productions of a similar nature, and has demonstrated to the full the importance of the kinema in a province peculiarly its own.

### "STATE FAIR."

The showman's picture, the picture exploiting to the full the dramatic possibilities of its background, can at the same time preserve intact and true the elements of human

appeal. This is proved up to the hilt by "State Fair" (Capitol), based on a book by Philip Stong. I have not read this novel. It may possess qualities and aspects which have escaped from its screen adaptation. Since, apart from being a best-seller in America, it won the Literary Guild prize, its reputation as a distinguished and impressive piece of writing is, I have no doubt, fully deserved. But, without knowledge of the book, I am convinced that Mr. Henry King, bearing in mind the romantic demands of the universally popular picture, has done his job as well as it could be done. The State Fair, conforming roughly to our agricultural shows, with the addition of a huge fair-ground, is the annual event of a farming district. The keen rivalries, the anxieties, the ambitions that culminate in one momentous week-end, simmer throughout the year—the anticipation of pleasure and possible adventure ripples deliciously through workaday lives. Farmer Frake's family, wife, son, and daughter, whose adventures at the State Fair we are invited to follow, stand for all the little trials and triumphs, the yearnings and the youthful tribulations, of their neighbours. The farmer—a part which Mr. Will Rogers, with his dry brand of humour, builds up into a very real and lovable character—is entirely concentrated on carrying off the prize for the finest hog in the show. His concern over "Blue Boy's" preparatory toilette, the later ebb and flow of hope when the pig turns as temperamental as a prima donna, are handled in that whimsical, supremely natural manner, seemingly careless yet so carefully timed, that belongs to the individuality of this fine comedian.

His wife, played with a shrewd observation of the comfortable farmhouse housewife by Louise Dresser, tempts fortune with mince-pies and pickles, the while the young people tread the primrose path of dalliance. Miss Janet Gaynor falls in with a Pressman (Lew Ayres). To her he is a hero, haloed with all the glory of the Great World, and she trembles in the timid throes of dawning romance as only Miss Gaynor can. Her brother—an unusual type

for Mr. Norman Foster, the usually slick and well groomed, who, however, succeeds in being thoroughly convincing as the country bumpkin—is dazzled by the charms of an alluring and accommodating trapeze artiste, cleverly etched in by Miss Sally Eilers; dazzled, too, by the glitter of this tinsel interlude. For it is the Fair that lifts these homely people from their usual ruck, that opens flood-gates of emotion and supplies the whip to their wonted jog-trot. It is Mr. King's achievement that he has kept his camera roving through the roundabouts, the side-shows, the booths, and judging-rings continuously, yet has kept us interested all the while in a farmer with his prize porker, a housewife with her mince-pies, a girl and boy with their romances. His purpose has been fulfilled—"State Fair" is good entertainment and good kinema.



FLORENCE AUSTRAL  
(Soprano.)



LOTTE LEHMANN  
(Soprano.)



FRIDA LEIDER  
(Soprano.)



MARIA OLSZEWSKA  
(Mezzo-Soprano.)

It was announced recently that the King and Queen had granted their patronage to the season of Grand Opera which will begin at Covent Garden on May 1; and that their Majesties had taken the Royal Box for the season. The programme will include, besides two cycles of "The Ring," "Parsifal," and "Tristan und Isolde," several French and Italian operas. Among these will be given Verdi's "Don Carlos," and Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust." The conductors will be Sir Thomas Beecham, Professor Robert Heger, Signor Antonino Votto, and Mr. John Barbirolli. A note on the forthcoming season is on page 586.



GERTRUD RÜMER  
(Soprano.)



FRIEDRICH SCHORR  
(Baritone.)



FRITZ WOLFF  
(Tenor.)



LAURITZ MELCHIOR  
(Tenor.)

### THE 1933 INTERNATIONAL GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN : SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

of wireless sets, gramophones, and records. Its commentary is economical, its photography adult and superb. The metal fretwork of the soaring wireless pylons flung athwart the skies, the massed shadows and high-lights of machinery, the revolving overhead trolleys, fill the screen with bold patterns in masterly compositions. The sorting-room glitters here and there into the fantastic beauty of an Arabian night, though the camera, obedient to an artist's vision, has but caught a worker at his appointed task. There is no effort here at detailed explanation, no attempt to hold up for our instruction the amazing swiftness, smoothness, and ordered haste with which all the component parts, from the tiniest screw to the polished case, are turned out, assembled, and adjusted. But the impression of a vast industry is fixed indelibly on the mind,



# A "MOP" IN YUGO-SLAVIA : THE SERVANT MARKET IN A BELGRADE STREET.



MEN TO THE LEFT, WOMEN TO THE RIGHT: THE SERVANT MARKET IN A BELGRADE STREET, WHERE EMPLOYERS CAN COME TO ENGAGE CHAUFFEURS, VALETS, MAIDS, AND COOKS.



PEASANT GIRLS UP FROM THE COUNTRY SHOWING THEIR REFERENCES: AN EMPLOYER SURROUNDED BY APPLICANTS FOR A JOB.



A LADY OF BELGRADE CONSIDERS EMPLOYING A PEASANT GIRL, DRESSED IN THE BRIGHT COSTUME OF THE COUNTRY.



(RIGHT) BARGAINING IN THE SERVANT MARKET: A BELGRADE CITIZEN IN DOUBT WHETHER HE CAN AFFORD THE WAGES THAT THE GIRL IS ASKING.



WHO WILL BE THE LUCKY ONE? HOPE AND ANXIETY WRITTEN ON THE FACES OF PEASANT CANDIDATES IN THE BELGRADE SERVANT MARKET.

AN old institution that has much to commend it on the score of convenience and simplicity remains current in Belgrade—an authorised servant market in the street. It does away with the necessity for registry offices, and the additional expense and, often, dissatisfaction that they may entail; for employer and employed can freely exchange wages for services in open competition. Like all Balkan markets, the servant market is full of life and colour, since the applicants for jobs, mostly peasant girls from the neighbouring villages, come up to the capital dressed in their best and often wearing the picturesque traditional costumes. Arrived at the market, the women line up along one side of the street, the men on the other, until the householders of Belgrade come to make their choice. References are critically examined, wages are settled, and then, if a bargain is struck, the new servant can enter immediately into her duties, and, following her employer away from the market, can carry home the basket containing groceries and vegetables and start at once on cooking the family's midday meal. Embarrassment, it is said, is sometimes caused by a chance rencontre at the market of a runaway servant, looking for a new job, and the employer in whose service she had been dissatisfied; but, on the whole, the system works smoothly, and, in any case, neither party, if things go wrong, has anybody but himself or herself to blame. In the seventeenth century the word "mop" was used in this country for a statute fair at which servants sought to be hired.



# THE GREAT WHITE WORLD.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE QUEST FOR POLAR TREASURES": By JAN WELZL.\*

(PUBLISHED BY GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN.)

WHEN distinguished explorers set off for Polar regions, with every resource of modern science to help them, they are "front page news" and are regarded as remarkable persons. So, to be sure, they are; but we forget that there are thousands of human beings who habitually face the same conditions, without many artificial aids except those devised by the light of nature. These "Polar men" are an extraordinary breed, and the circumstances in which they live and work are beyond the most fantastic exaggeration. To these Captains Courageous Jan Welzl belongs. Those who, unlike the present reviewer, have had the advantage of reading "Thirty Years in the Golden North," know more about Welzl, or "Arctic Bismarck," than the editors of this volume vouchsafe to tell us. But we gather that readers of the preceding book will have learned "how I went from Irkutsk through the forests and waste lands of Siberia to the Arctic Ocean, how I became an inhabitant of New Siberia, and the companion of a few Polar hermits and Eskimo families; and how, after years and years of dreadful suffering and privation, from a simple locksmith, sailor and tramp, I became a hunter of note and an established trader; proprietor of a

God-forsaken or man-forsaken for the desperate search. Perhaps the most remarkable picture of gold-fever is that of the "Gold Sea" at Nome, where, after a north-east storm, the tide recedes to a great distance, leaving an auriferous ocean-bed exposed. "Everybody dashed away, people like flies rushed for the sea-bottom; and when I saw them, I ran to see their madness at close quarters. It was a tremendous fun; if only one looked on. They immediately threw themselves on the spots which they fancied most, and they worked as if they had lost their senses. . . . A feeling of horror fell on me as I watched this human struggle, and dreadful

Hunting "comes natural" in the Arctic, where "a man's life is a perpetual hunt—it is his very existence." It involves skill, daring, and endurance—as we more pampered children of civilisation might think—far beyond mortal capacity. It has its own laws, and its own extremely rough justice. This, for example, is the fate of the poacher and the brawler: "More than once I have seen a man like that shoot one of our party in a row: then the process was short: we bent the nearest tree down with a lasso, slipped a noose round the rascal's neck, let the tree go, and the body flew up with a mighty sweep." The "perpetual hunt" has its innumerable

victims, for whom not a drum is heard, not a funeral-note, save the shriek of the blizzard: "often on our journeys we found a head or a leg sticking out of the snow." He who falls by the way remains gruesomely preserved as his own tombstone; for, as Welzl grimly remarks, "there the dead don't rot." The hunter's occupation is not pretty: one's stomach is sometimes a little turned by the exultant slaughter of the quarry—foxes, wolverines, chocholins, hares, lynxes, havolins, muskrats—and by the thought of pathetically inoffensive seals and walrus being knocked on the head in their



A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO THE POWERS OF ENDURANCE OF THE AEROPLANE UNDER THE SEVERE CONDITIONS OF ARCTIC CANADA: A MACHINE THAT HAD TO BE LEFT UNSHELTERED IN THE OPEN THROUGH AN ARCTIC WINTER, AND WAS FOUND INTACT IN THE SPRING!

This 'plane had to be abandoned in Arctic Canada, through shortage of petrol, in the autumn. The engine was covered with the usual tarpaulin used when 'planes are idle. It was found intact the next spring, not even the wing covers being damaged, despite the severe cold, high winds, and blizzards of an Arctic winter. It was possible even to fly it out for overhauling without any repairs to body or engine.



AN EARLY STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GOLD-MINE IN NORTHERN CANADA: A GOLD-COPPER OUTCROP IN NORTHERN ONTARIO, WHERE PROSPECTORS HAD SUNK A ROUGHLY TIMBERED TEST PIT, ONLY TO ABANDON IT SUBSEQUENTLY.

scramble. . . . I walked among them, but nobody even glanced at me. I stood by one man, and for a while I watched him in amazement. He had such amazing luck; on his shovel he took up perhaps a thousand dollars at a time: It was pure gold, as fine as oatmeal gruel, and the biggest pieces in it were only about as big as peas. But, on the other hand, there was as much of this fine gold as sand. That man just kept on shovelling and shovelling," Welzl, though several



A SECOND STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GOLD-MINE IN NORTHERN CANADA: A PRIMITIVE HEAD FRAME SET UP IN AN EARLY STAGE AT THE BEATTIE GOLD-MINE, IN NORTHERN QUEBEC, WHERE HALF-A-MILLION TONS OF LOW-GRADE ORE HAD BEEN PROVED TO EXIST.

splendid boat and the chief judge of New Siberia." These reminiscences have been taken down in shorthand by two Czech editors, who describe Welzl as a "simple and uneducated man." The most sceptical mind will feel little doubt concerning the authenticity of these experiences; no degree of imagination could have invented them without intimate personal knowledge of the unearthly world described. For the most part they are recounted in an engaging, ingenuous manner, and if, as the editors suspect, Welzl has occasionally drawn the long bow, we do not think that he has greatly extended it beyond its already epic dimensions.

The story is of treasure; and what, asks Welzl, is Polar treasure? Two monosyllables supply the answer: gold and furs. Of the "accursed hunger for gold" "Arctic Bismarck" has probably seen as much as any man alive, and his book is full of the most lively recollections of the Trail of 'Ninety-Eight on the Yukon and the Yokukuk and those other abominations of desolation where men (and sometimes women) endured unimaginable hardships for quick and easy wealth. Few of them attained it; for one successful treasure-seeker there were a hundred derelicts: and even those who filled their pockets emptied them again soon enough. No place was too



A FINAL STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GOLD-MINE IN NORTHERN CANADA: THE HEAD FRAME, MILL AND ENGINE ROOMS OF THE TECK-HUGHES MINE, NEAR LAKE SHORE.

times attacked by the fever, resolutely inoculated himself against a passion which "changed honest people into thieves and murderers; more than once put parents against their children, men against their closest friends and dearest companions; roused the worst human feelings and led to merciless ingratitude." He schooled himself to look on gold without desire, and concentrated on hunting and trading—on the whole, far more profitable occupations.

hundreds: and Welzl's own stomach was literally turned by some of the customs of the chase, such as drinking hot bear's blood. On the other hand, the war is by no means one-sided, for the hunter lives in perpetual danger of many formidable creatures, such as the wolf, the bear (who, however, can be most serviceably domesticated in these latitudes), the lynx, who "jumps from the tree straight on top of the unsuspecting hunter," and even mosquitoes, which in some parts blot out the very light of day and make existence intolerable for man and beast alike. On the fishing-grounds the most fearsome enemy is the devil-fish—a creature more horrid than the wildest imaginings of delirium tremens.

Adjectives fail to describe the kind of country through which the hunter and trader must often make his way in the Polar deserts—the tundras, or frozen marshes, the icy mountains and chasms, the utter desolation of such expanses as "Bears' Wild." The trail from Kobuk Divide to the Mackenzie River involves a month's journey through this kind of country: "First come sands, then forests, swamps, tundra, and at last boundless fields of lava, stretching out for hundreds and hundreds of miles. In June or July it was impossible to get through, because water stood two feet deep on the tundra, as far as the eye could see, and over the swamps there were black clouds of mosquitoes. . . . The hunter who is bold enough to try to get through this country must be well provided with water, paraffin and alcohol; because when he reaches the fields of lava he won't find a mouthful of water, or a chip of wood with which to make a fire,

[Continued on page 358.]

\* "The Quest for Polar Treasures." By Jan Welzl. With an Introduction by Bedrich Golombek and Edvard Valenta. Translated by M. and R. Weatherall. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.; 10s. 6d. net.)



## MAKING THE YOUNG GERMAN "SEA-MINDED": A SCHOOL FOR MODEL SHIPBUILDING IN POTSDAM.



A MODEL PASSENGER STEAMER PASSING THROUGH A LOCK: THE "COLUMBUS," ONE OF THE SHIPS FROM THE POTSDAM SCHOOL THAT TOUR GERMANY AND ATTRACT GREAT INTEREST.



SHOWING THE ACCOMMODATION FOR ENGINEER AND NAVIGATOR: THE "COLUMBUS" ON HER VOYAGE THROUGH THE RIVERS AND CANALS OF GERMANY FROM POTSDAM TO HAMBURG.

An admirable training in the art of shipbuilding is given to German youths by a school at Potsdam, probably the only one of its kind in the world, where young unemployed and schoolboys are taught to make model ships to scale. The school was started at his own expense by Lieutenant Max Bartsch, a German naval officer who commanded a U-boat in the war. When completed the ships are launched and attract great interest by touring Germany by river and canal. Several of them have been taken from Potsdam to Hamburg. All the models are seaworthy, fitted, in most cases, with engines that enable them to proceed



A MODEL FULL-RIGGED SHIP—UNDER TOW: THE "PREUSSEN," ONE OF THE MODELS BUILT BY YOUNG POTSDAM UNEMPLOYED AND SCHOOLBOYS, ON THE LAKE AT HAMBURG.



A MODEL WAR-SHIP IN DRY DOCK: THE BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG"—WITH PREPARATIONS IN HAND FOR THE HOISTING OF THE NEW GERMAN FLAG.



LAUNCHING A NEW SHIP AT THE MINIATURE POTSDAM DOCKYARD: THE MODEL STEAMER "HAMBURG" TAKING THE WATER.

at a good pace, and all are built exactly to a scale of one in twenty. Our photographs illustrate the "Columbus," a passenger steamer, the sailing-ship "Preussen," the battle-cruiser "Hindenburg," and the liner "Hamburg." In addition, there are the submarine "U 35," the original of which was commanded by Lieutenant Bartsch during the war; and the "Bremen," still under construction, which will be fourteen metres long and be driven by a powerful petrol engine. Spaces are provided for the young pilots and engineers to go on board and steer their attractive craft.



# CLOUDS THAT BETOKEN FINE WEATHER: CUMULUS FORMATIONS WHICH PROVIDE ALL OBSERVERS WITH ENCOURAGING "FORECASTS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY M. BALLANCE, A.R.P.S., F.R.Met.Soc., F.R.A.S.

IT is not always true that, in the words of the old popular song, we "Wait till the clouds roll by" for the coming of fine weather, as there are certain cloud formations which are in themselves cheering portents of that desirable prospect. To the weather-wise observer, the sky itself offers "forecasts," to some extent, without the aid of wireless. We reproduce here, for example, some interesting camera studies by Mr. Stanley M. Ballance, a well-known expert in meteorological photography, illustrating various aspects of cloudland which presage favourable conditions. Concerning three of them, he has supplied fuller details than those given in the titles to the photographs. Thus the complete note on No. 1 is as follows: "Cumulus of Fine Weather. The lower clouds with vertical development. When observed in the morning, they are in a state of formation. Broadly speaking, they are completely formed about

(Continued below on right.)



1. CUMULUS OF FINE WEATHER: THE LOWER CLOUDS WITH VERTICAL DEVELOPMENT, WHEN OBSERVED AFTER MID-DAY, INDICATING THAT THERE IS NO NEED FOR UMBRELLAS.



2. A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF FINE WEATHER SKY OBSERVED JUST BEFORE SUNSET: A CONDITION OF THE ATMOSPHERE SHOWING THE FLATTENING-OUT OF CUMULUS CLOUDS.

mid-day, as shown by the photograph, having well-defined horizontal bases so long as the air is quite calm. Fine-weather cumulus clouds continue to grow until mid-afternoon. These clouds indicate that there are no disturbances in their vicinity. Did this formation exist in the early morning, it would indicate showers, but, since it was observed after mid-day, there is no need for the preparation of umbrellas." Regarding photograph No. 3, Mr. Ballance writes: "This shows *Cumulus Humilis* photographed from the side, illustrating the strong contrasts of light and shade. These clouds develop on days of clear skies, and owe their existence to currents of diurnal convection. They appear early in the day, producing their characteristic form, and dissolving again towards evening." The full descriptive note on No. 4 reads: "Strato-Cumulus. Low altitude clouds, formed by the flattening-out of cumulus



3. CLOUDS THAT DEVELOP ON DAYS OF CLEAR SKIES, DUE TO CURRENTS OF DIURNAL CONVECTION: *CUMULUS HUMILIS*, WITH STRONG CONTRASTS OF LIGHT AND SHADE.

cloud. It will be noted that the tops have settled down and the bases have spread out. If the tops of clouds of this nature possess a flat appearance, the observer may feel reasonably optimistic about fine weather." In our issue of February 4 last we gave some remarkable photographs of clouds as they appear to airmen flying above them, reproduced from Dr. Manfred Curry's fascinating pictorial volume, "The Beauty of Flight" (John Miles, Ltd.). Describing, in his introduction, how various types of cloud come into being, he writes: "Birds and gliders utilise the upward tendency of individual parts of cumulus clouds by working up higher along their edges. Thus, on hot days, certain large cumulus clouds frequently penetrate several atmospheric strata. When observed laterally, they then indicate, chiefly by their dip ahead, that the wind velocity prevalent in the upper atmospheric stratum is greater than at

(Continued above on right.)



4. STRATO-CUMULUS: CLOUDS OF LOW ALTITUDE, WHICH, IF THEY APPEAR FLATTENED AT THE TOP, INDICATE A REASONABLE PROSPECT OF FINE WEATHER TO COME.

the base of the clouds. The formation of cumuli, as also of clouds in general, is dependent upon the degree of moisture in the atmosphere. The warmer the atmosphere is, the more moisture it can contain without condensing, *i.e.*, forming clouds. This is also the reason why, after a long period of fine weather—and therefore when the atmosphere is thoroughly warmed, up to the highest strata—it is so difficult for rain to occur. . . . That it is mainly the ascent of rapidly heated air over the earth's surface that brings about the formation of cumulus clouds, is apparent from the fact that on sunny days no clouds are formed over water, or at least cloud formation takes place there much later. While, for example, innumerable white cloudlets rest over the shores of a lake, there is unclouded blue over the lake itself. We observe the same phenomenon on sea-coasts; for example, when flying across the Channel."



SOME of the wonderful discoveries made by Baron von Oppenheim at Tell Halaf, on the northern border of Mesopotamia, were illustrated and described by him in our issues of October 25 and November 1, 1930, but it is only quite recently that he has completed the arrangement of his extensive material and published the first book on his excavations. This very important



FIG. 1. "A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF ARCHAIC SCULPTURE, AND HIGHLY REALISTIC." A FIGURE OF A LION OF THE TYPE ONCE NATIVE TO MESOPOTAMIA AND SYRIA. (1.50 METRES [OVER 4 1/2 FT.] HIGH AND 1.50 M. LONG.)

volume, which adds a new chapter to the history of ancient art and culture, was published originally in German at Leipzig, by Messrs. F. A. Brockhaus, and is to be issued by Messrs. Putnam on April 24 in an English translation, from which we have been allowed to reproduce these new and highly interesting photographs. It is claimed that the discoveries upset some generally accepted theories regarding early history and art in the region of the Euphrates. The volume is abundantly illustrated, both in colour and otherwise, and contains maps and plans. The publication date did not allow of our giving a notice of the book, along with these illustrations, in the present issue, but we have arranged for a full-page

(Continued opposite.)

FIG. 2 (LEFT). A FIGURE OF A WARRIOR ARMED WITH A BOOMERANG—HERE THE ONLY WEAPON, BUT SOMETIMES ACCOMPANIED BY A "THROWING-BALL."



FIG. 3. A SOCLE (PEDESTAL) OF HORSESHOE SHAPE CARVED WITH FIVE FIGURES OF SPINNERS: POSSIBLY THE BASE OF A STATUE. (62 CM. HIGH AND 90 CM. IN DIAMETER.)



## NEW LIGHT ON MESOPOTAMIAN ART IN THE FOURTH MILLENNIUM B.C.: THE GREAT DISCOVERIES AT TELL HALAF—SCULPTURES OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST.

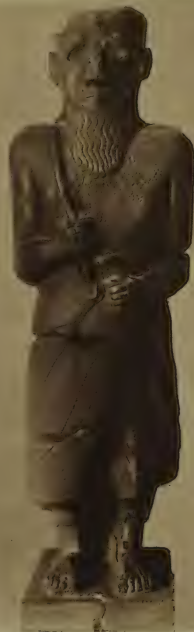


FIG. 4. A COLOSSAL STATUE OF A GOD, WITH A BASE TO FIT INTO THE BACK OF A SCULPTURED LION: CARVED FROM A SINGLE BLOCK OF BASALT. (ABOUT 8 FT. HIGH.)



FIG. 6. A COLOSSAL STATUE OF A GODDESS, CARVED FROM A SINGLE BLOCK OF BASALT, ON A SLAB MADE TO FIT INTO THE BACK OF A SCULPTURED LIONESS. (ABOUT 8 FT. HIGH.)

FIG. 8. LION-HUNTING IN A CHARIOT: AN INTERESTING RECORD OF ANCIENT SPORT—A RELIEF SHOWING THE LION BENEATH THE HORSE AND (ABOVE) THE SUN EAGLE WATCHING OVER THE HUNTER.

(Continued.)

review to appear in our next number. Meanwhile, we may recall that it was in 1899 that Baron von Oppenheim (then a member of the Imperial German Diplomatic Corps in Egypt) first visited the mound at Tell Halaf during one of his exploration trips in the Near East, and discovered its archaeological importance. He then did a little tentative digging, but the actual excavations did not begin until 1911, and later they were, of course, interrupted by the war. The site is near the source of the River Khabor, a tributary of the Euphrates. It has since yielded an astonishing number of statues, some of almost colossal size, besides numerous reliefs and a large amount of prehistoric coloured pottery.

(Continued above.)

FIG. 9 (RIGHT). BULL-HUNTING IN A CHARIOT: A RELIEF SHOWING THE PROTECTIVE SUN EAGLE ABOVE THE BOWMAN'S HEAD, WHILE THE BULL IS BROUGHT INTO THE SCENE ABOVE THE HORSE.



FIG. 10. A TYPE OF ANIMAL OF WHICH SEVERAL REPRESENTATIONS HAVE ALSO BEEN FOUND AT UR: A RELIEF OF A SPOTTED PANTHER SQUATTING ON HIS HINDQUARTERS AND RAISING HIS FOREPAW.

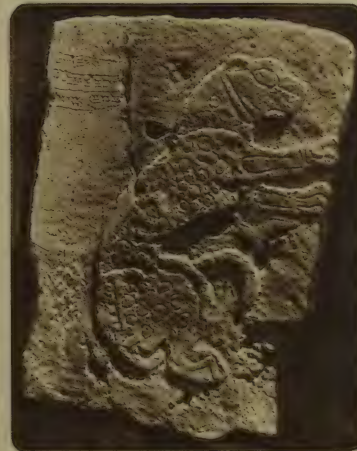


FIG. 5. A FIGURE OF A DEMI-GOD WITH FOUR WINGS, A CROWN OF FEATHERS, TWO UPSTANDING HORNS (ON FOREHEAD AND BACK OF HEAD), AND THE LEFT FOOT RAISED AS IF TO DANCE.



FIG. 7. RECALLING THE WORDS OF ISAIAH—"SERAPHIM HOVERED ABOVE HIM, EACH WITH SIX WINGS": A SCULPTURED RELIEF OF A SIX-WINGED GODDESS OR SERAPH.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IMPERIALISM of the old Jingo type has gone for good, and, while many people still talk somewhat apologetically of the British Empire, others prefer to call it the British Commonwealth of Nations. This latter phrase, while admirable in other respects, has the drawback of being hopeless for headlines, and is therefore slow to "catch on," as it seldom gets a good Press. Is it not curious, by the way, that, although we have rejoiced in an Empire for quite a time, it does not, as a whole, seem to possess an Emperor? We need only look at the superscription on the back of a penny ("Britt: omni: Rex... Ind: Imp.") to recall that the only part of the King's dominions whereof he is officially styled Emperor is India. Yet his Empire extends over "regions Cæsar never knew!"

The business of empire-building, too, has declined of late years. Expansion having reached its limit, we have been more concerned with consolidation. It is probably true to say that the last of our great empire-builders is commemorated in "RHODES." By Sarah Gertrude Millin. With Frontispiece (Chatto and Windus; 9s.). This is a book which will rank among the best of modern biographies. Out of the fullness of her knowledge concerning South Africa, the author has traced the career of its most dominant citizen, and cut the facets of his character, in a diamond-clear and brilliant narrative. The story is told with dramatic intensity and strict impartiality, while careful documentation indicates an exhaustive study of sources. Lastly, there is a copious index, an item too often omitted. The only shortcoming I can find is the paucity of illustrations. It seems a pity that in a volume which, as General Smuts has said, "will remain the classic on Rhodes," and make him known to a new generation of readers, his personal appearance should be represented only by the frontispiece photograph of his death-mask. Otherwise there is nothing more on the pictorial side but two end-paper political maps of South Africa—as it was in 1881 and 1902 respectively—showing the extension of British territory due mainly to Rhodes's work.

Have we lost faith in the civilising mission of our race? To-day it needs an effort to realise that, for Cecil Rhodes, imperialism was a religion, just as Communism is a religion for the disciples of Lenin, and Fascism for those of Mussolini. Mrs. Millin brings out this point very forcibly in explaining Rhodes's early principles. "What was God doing? Darwin had said it. God was perfecting the race through natural selection. . . . Which among the peoples had he brought to flower? . . . Rhodes could not help admitting that it was the English-speaking peoples that followed the highest ideal of Justice, Liberty, and Peace: the people of Great Britain, the Dominions, and America. The conclusion was clear. If Rhodes wished to please and follow God, he had, in whatever way he could, to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race. To himself, personally, he allotted the task of Africa." At the same time, he was aware that the Empire was loosely knit. Writing in 1891 as Prime Minister of Cape Colony to the Premier of Canada, he said: "Can we invent some tie with our Mother Country that will prevent separation?" Has not the time come to re-infuse into our reformed imperialism, whose purpose is rather "policing" than profiteering, some of its old quality of missionary zeal?

Nor was the imperial idea, as Rhodes conceived it, entirely a matter of trade interests or national aggrandisement. He saw in it the only way to world peace. "It was to Stead, his new friend," writes Mrs. Millin, "he confided his dream of a cessation of all wars, of one language throughout the world, of a federation with America ('We could hold your federal parliament five years at Washington and five at London'). . . . 'What an awful thought it is,' he writes to Stead, 'that if we had not lost America . . . the peace of the world (would have been) secured for all Eternity!'" Again, in connection with the Rhodes scholarships, we read: "His first will speaks of 'extending British rule throughout the world,' of 'the restoration of the Anglo-Saxon unity destroyed by the schism of the eighteenth century,' and 'the foundation of so great a power as hereafter to render all wars impossible.'"

As a man is known by his friends, so he is known, to some extent, by his books, and considerable light is cast

on the tastes and ambitions of Cecil Rhodes in the account of the library at Groote Schuur. It included, among biographies, the Lives of the Cæsars, twenty Lives of Napoleon, a Life of Alexander, and a series of the Rulers of India. Mrs. Millin says: "There were, in truth, times when Rhodes imagined himself not so much an Englishman as an ancient Roman. He felt a kinship with Hadrian, he thought he looked like Titus. He saw England the successor of Imperial Rome. His favourite work was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. . . . And yet Rhodes saw himself not only as an ancient Roman; he aspired to be a bit, too, of an ancient Greek. He was the Pericles of South Africa. And deliberately, since through Greek art 'Pericles taught the lazy and indolent Athenians to believe in Empire.'"

Rhodes looked at the Empire with the eyes of a capitalist, seeing in it a source of boundless wealth to be used for establishing a beneficent world power of the English-speaking races. The change since wrought in our conception of imperialism can be felt in comparing with his ideas those of a living politician who regards the Empire from the Labour point of view, as set forth in "THE LIFE STORY OF THE RT. HON. J. H. THOMAS." A Statesman of the People. By Basil Fuller. Illustrated (Stanley Paul; 10s. 6d.). Like Rhodes, Mr. Thomas is a self-made man, but he began on a much lower rung in the ladder of opportunity—and all honour to him for that—nor have his efforts for the public weal been accompanied by the amassing of great private wealth. It was by a far different path that, as Mr. Fuller puts it, "Thomas the engine-wiper



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A FRAGMENT OF A LINEN CURTAIN, WITH A DESIGN IN TAPESTRY WEAVING, FROM A TOMB AT AKHMIM, UPPER EGYPT.—FIFTH CENTURY A.D.

The decorative designs of textiles (ranging in date from the first to the sixth century A.D.) excavated during the last fifty years in the tombs of Upper Egypt, show few traces of anything approaching a native Egyptian art. Egypt became a Roman province in 30 B.C., on the death of Cleopatra, and from that time, naturally, cultivated the tastes of her rulers. Long before that date the traditions of ancient Egyptian art had been profoundly modified by Greek influence. This fragment dates from the fifth century A.D. The figure is in tapestry-woven coloured wools and undyed linen thread on a linen cloth, which was originally a curtain, and was probably used as an outer wrapping for the mummy. At first sight the figure has the appearance of a Christian angel, but is one of a pair of Victories flying through the air with a laurel wreath, over the head of an emperor or some similar great personage. The subject, familiar in Hellenistic art, became popular under the Roman and Byzantine emperors.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

has become Thomas the Statesman." Yet, like Rhodes again, though from another angle, he now looks to the Empire for a solution of our national problems. Mr. Thomas stands for a democratic imperialism. Describing his views in 1929, when Labour took office again, his biographer says: "Lessons learned as Colonial Secretary in the previous Labour administration had left a deep impression on Thomas's mind. He was convinced that a widespread development of the Empire spirit amongst British peoples would solve our unemployment problems. . . . Starting as a fiery strike leader, he had gradually developed into an Imperial advocate of whom Joseph Chamberlain himself might have been proud."

The memoirs of Indian rulers in Rhodes's library at Groote Schuur are not, of course, the only links between South Africa and the King's eastern Empire, whose future is now on the knees of our Parliamentary gods. There was, for instance, the question of Indian coolie labour in South African mines, which first brought into the limelight that astute exploiter of publicity, Mr. Gandhi. An interesting sketch of that episode, and of his origin and earlier life, occurs in a somewhat highly coloured literary "pageant" of Indian history, from 1608 to the present year of grace,

entitled "INDIA MARCHES PAST." By R. J. Minney, author of "Clive." With Map and twelve illustrations (Jarrolds; 16s.). According to this author, Gandhi the patriot and *mahatma* was a very different person in his early youth, especially in the matter of costume. Recalling Gandhi's first visit to England, at the age of nineteen, Mr. Minney writes: "He tricked himself out in dress clothes from Bond Street, and a silk hat which he stroked ecstatically but ruinously the wrong way; learned, with difficulty, to part his hair in the middle; and joined a dancing class so that he might prance more rhythmically with the beauteous blondes in the boarding-house."

Apart from such lighter interludes, Mr. Minney passes in rapid review the more lurid events in Indian history, and the more sensational elements in Indian life and social customs, especially in the matters of superstition, sex, and cruelty to animals. While he does not give chapter and verse for particular statements, his book cannot be called undocumented in a general way, for a formidable bibliography under the heading of "Acknowledgments" is given, besides a useful chronological table of dates. Nevertheless, as compared, for example, with Mrs. Millin's volume, it reads to me like a work of descriptive reporting on an extended scale rather than of exact scholarship. I may be wrong, but my impression is that the author rather plays to the gallery. Nor does he mention, as far as I can see, his own considerable experience of India, or his qualifications for undertaking to present to British readers a fair and well-balanced picture of the Indian scene. Certainly the book is extremely readable, as every frank and outspoken work is readable, and it is well titled, for it has all the spectacular and transitory glitter and glamour associated with a march-past.

As to India's future and her position in the Empire, the trend of the book is definitely conservative, but apparently not opposed to the federal idea. Discussing the Round-Table Conferences and subsequent proposals, Mr. Minney writes: "Votes are to be granted to 30,000,000 more Indians, the bulk of whom are illiterate and can only distinguish one candidate from another by some pictorial sign. Indeed, this has been the procedure at the booths ever since Mr. Montagu's concessions. Candidates cease to be individuals, and become bicycles, umbrellas, a sword, a tiger, or a hand. On these the simple and bewildered villagers vote." In conclusion he writes: "Disraeli warned posterity that if India were lost to Britain it would be lost on the floor of the House of Commons." What we have to guard against, perhaps, is not so much

a material loss as the abandonment of our imperial responsibilities, and our capacity to prevent misrule. There is a sort of imperialism which might well regard India, or any other dependency, not as a possession, but as a moral obligation.

New books arrive in such numbers that it is impossible to cope with them all on publication, and rapidly "the days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months," until a full review would be a trifle belated. That is what has happened to two interesting books bearing on the Africa that Rhodes knew, which I feel, however, ought to be briefly recalled. Rhodes himself figures prominently in "THE PASSING OF THE BLACK KINGS." By Hugh Marshall Hole, formerly Civil Commissioner of Bulawayo, author of "The Making of Rhodesia" and "The Jameson Raid." Illustrated (Philip Allan; 15s.). The "black kings" in question were Khama of the Bamangwato, Lobengula of the Matabele, and Lewanika of the Barotse. Four stories of African life by an ex-District Officer in Rhodesia are told in "AFRICA NOTWITHSTANDING." By Kenneth Bradley. Illustrated (Lovat Dickson; 8s. 6d.). I should have liked to say more about these two attractive books, but unfortunately space forbids. C. E. B.





"A ROSE WITH A DUTCH FORM": A DUTCH GARDEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

DRAWN BY HANS VREDEMAN DE VRIES. (1527—1604.)

THE very interesting tinted drawing here reproduced is the work of Hans Vredeman (or Jan) de Vries, painter and architect, who was born at Leeuwarden in 1527 and died in Antwerp in 1604. The artist studied in Amsterdam; then, after a while in Antwerp, gained considerable reputation in Malines, particularly for his architectural pictures and for his studies in perspective. At Antwerp, he designed various decorations for the triumphal entry of Charles V. Later, he worked in Frankfort, Brunswick, Prague, and Leipzig, where he painted the decorations of the Bourse. It is interesting to compare the Dutch Garden in this drawing of his with a photograph of the Dutch Garden of Kensington Palace as it is to-day. Kinship is at once apparent; and special attention may be called to the hedge arcades seen both in the drawing and the photograph; particularly the "loop-holed" semi-closed arcade seen towards the back of the drawing and at its right edge, and the "loop-holed" arcade seen in the photograph. As to the

[Continued opposite.



AKIN TO THE DUTCH GARDEN SEEN IN THE DE VRIES DRAWING: THE DUTCH GARDEN OF KENSINGTON PALACE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Dutch Garden of Kensington Palace, it is of interest to quote the following from Sarah A. Tooley's Kensington Palace chapter in "Royal Palaces and Their Memories." "Attempts have been made to enlarge and beautify it by successive occupiers; but the elements of severity, solidity, and precision imparted to it by the Dutch taste of William and Mary have triumphed over later additions. . . . Pleasure gardens on the west and north-west of the house were also laid out in the trim Dutch style with straight walks ornamented with statuary, close-cut hedges, and figured beds. The King's quondam body-servant, Bentinck, created Earl of Portland, was appointed 'Superintendent of their Majesties' Gardens and Plantations within the boundary lines of their Majesties' said house at Kensington,' and he well knew how to suit the taste of his master and mistress, and made what had been the wilderness of the gravel pits to 'blossom like the rose'—but a rose with a Dutch form."





"MADAME DU BARRY."  
A SCHALL SHOWN IN LONDON.

There were those who thought that this picture was by Fragonard (1732—1806), but it is now credited to Frédéric Jean Schall, who was born at Strassburg about 1753 and became very well known in Paris as an imitator of Fragonard, a considerably greater artist. Schall migrated to Paris in June 1772, to enter the Royal Academy School, where he was the protégé of Brenet. The work reproduced measures 28 by 23 inches. It was shown at the "Three French Reigns" Exhibition.

FROM THE PICTURE LENT TO THE "THREE FRENCH REIGNS" EXHIBITION BY THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, D.S.O., M.C. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF HIS LORDSHIP.



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: RECENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW AIRPORT AT BAGHDAD BY KING FEISAL: HIS MAJESTY TURNING TO SPEAK TO SIR FRANCIS HUMPHRYS, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

In the presence of a distinguished gathering, which included Sir Francis Humphrys, the British Ambassador, King Feisal inaugurated Iraq's new airport on April 5. The opening ceremony, a correspondent informs us, took place in a sandstorm, which can be seen approaching in the second illustration. About three-quarters

(Continued above.)



AT THE OPENING OF BAGHDAD AIRPORT, WHICH TOOK PLACE IN A SANDSTORM: THE SPECTATORS; AND THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS AIR-LINER "HELENA."

of a square mile in area, the airport is provided with the most modern equipment, and is specially adapted for landing at night. Baghdad, it is held, is likely to become one of the most important centres for air traffic in the world. Four lines already use it regularly.



THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF MANCHUKUO: OFFICIALS IN VARIED GARB ON A DECORATED PLATFORM DURING THE CELEBRATIONS.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "The picture shows the platform erected for the ceremony of the first anniversary of the establishment of Manchukuo, held on March 1. Mr. Tieng Kien-hsiu, Chief Secretary for the celebration of the first anniversary, is seen standing on the left side of the picture. Other high officials of the Manchukuo Government are also on the platform."



THE INAUGURATION OF THE AIR SERVICE FROM CARDIFF TO PLYMOUTH: TWO G.W.R. MACHINES AT PLYMOUTH AIRPORT (FOREGROUND AND RIGHT).

The first G.W.R. aeroplane carried out its inaugural flight from Cardiff to Plymouth on April 11. The actual service started on April 12. The G.W.R. machine which flew on April 11 was an Imperial Airways liner of the three-engined "Wessex" type, made by the Westland Aircraft Co. It was capable of carrying six passengers.



A STRANGE MEMORIAL IN PRAGUE: THE GOLEM, A MYTHICAL BEING WHO PROTECTED PERSECUTED JEWS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "This stone figure, which stands before the City Hall in Prague, represents the Golem. The Golem is a mythical creature created from clay by the chief Rabbi of the Prague ghetto to defend the Jews during their persecution in the Middle Ages. The Golem came to life and stormed through Prague, slaying the people and destroying buildings, and the story is famous in Bohemian folk-lore."



THE NEW CENTRAL LIBRARY AT MANCHESTER: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE PROGRESS MADE WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT BUILDING, WHICH IS TO BE OPENED NEXT YEAR.

The Central Library at Manchester has now emerged sufficiently far from its scaffolding for an idea to be formed of its ultimate appearance. Our photograph gives a good idea of its great size and the dignity of its exterior proportions. The correspondent who sends it to us notes that the building is to cost two million pounds, and is to be finished by next year. The first stone was laid in 1930.



## ECHOES OF EASTER: ROYAL OCCASIONS AND TIME-HONoured CEREMONIES.



THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY OF "WASHING THE FEET": A PICTURESQUE ROMAN CATHOLIC RITE BEING PERFORMED IN THE NAVE OF WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

The traditional ceremony of "Washing the Feet" was performed in Westminster Cathedral, on April 13, by Bishop Butt, who acted as deputy for Cardinal Bourne. The Bishop is seen ceremonially washing the feet of a number of choir boys, seated in a row on a raised platform in the nave, in remembrance of the occasion when Christ washed the feet of the Apostles after the Last Supper, as recorded in the Gospel of St. John, xiii., 5.



A GOOD FRIDAY CUSTOM KEPT AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S: WIDOWS RECEIVING SIXPENCES AND HOT CROSS BUNS AT A GRAVE IN THE CHURCHYARD.

On Good Friday in every year, under the provisions of a will known as the Butterworth Bequest, sixpences and hot cross buns are distributed to widows at a grave in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield. Our photograph shows the distribution being made, in accordance with the ancient custom, on Good Friday, April 14. One of the widows is seen picking up her sixpence from the top of the tombstone.



A ROYAL REAPER: THE PRINCE OF WALES CUTTING REEDS WITH A SILVER-PLATED SICKLE PRESENTED TO HIM AT ABBEY WOOD ALLOTMENTS FOR UNEMPLOYED.

The Prince of Wales visited Abbey Wood, near Woolwich, on April 13, to see allotment gardens cultivated by nearly 350 unemployed men (mostly ex-Service) under a scheme organised by the Society of Friends, the Winter Distress League, and the Harrow Manorway and Wickham Lane Allotment Society. On some uncleared soil, covered with reeds 8 ft. high, the Prince tried his hand at reed-cutting with a silver-plated sickle presented to him as a souvenir of the occasion.



THE QUEEN BUYS HER EASTER GIFTS: HER MAJESTY THE CENTRE OF INTEREST DURING A SHOPPING EXPEDITION IN WINDSOR.

The Queen and the Princess Royal spent the morning of Saturday, April 15, shopping in Windsor where their presence created great interest among townfolk and visitors. They motored from the Castle, and made their first call at a shop in the High Street, where they bought Easter gifts for various members of the Royal Family. Their next visit was to a jeweller's in Thames Street, and later they went to an antique dealer's and a picture shop.



# S.O.S.: SOCIAL SERVICE ON BEHALF OF THE UNEMPLOYED AT HULL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HULL, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



## OCCUPATION FOR UNEMPLOYED AT HULL: SCENES AT THE FAMOUS PORT, WHERE ONE DOCK IS TO BE MADE INTO A PARK.

Following our previous illustrations of social service for the unemployed, on the lines suggested by the Prince of Wales, in various parts of the country, as in Lancashire, Scotland, and South-West England, we now show similar work at Hull, likewise sketched on the spot by our special artist. Unemployment is particularly serious at Hull, where the unloading of timber ships from Norway has almost ceased, owing to the tariff. One of the docks is to be filled in and converted into a public park. The University of Hull has given a portion of its grounds to unemployed men desirous of occupying their minds, and on it they are building a large lecture hall for their own use. Members of a sports club are

similarly engaged in erecting their own pavilion on a site in the outskirts of the city allotted by the Corporation. The 4th East Yorkshire Regiment has lent its drill hall to unemployed youths for physical training, boxing, and so on. Classes are held there daily, and, apart from the usual drill, a favourite exercise is a charging contest by opposing teams. The Hull dockers have organised their own social club, which meets in the Braves Hall, lent to them during certain hours in the mornings by a Nonconformist religious body. Here they can play indoor games, such as chess, draughts, or dominoes, but not cards. Soup is supplied at a penny a bowl. In the afternoons the hall is used as an Infant Welfare Centre.



THE MOSCOW TRIAL IN THE HALL OF THE TRADES UNIONS: BRITISH AND RUSSIAN ACCUSED; JUDGES, PROSECUTOR, COUNSEL.



MR. LESLIE C. THORNTON, ASSISTANT TO THE CHIEF ENGINEER FOR THE METROPOLITAN-VICKERS FIRM IN MOSCOW AND ONE OF THE SIX BRITISH ACCUSED (RIGHT), LISTENING TO STATEMENTS IN THE COURT.—ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH, HIS RUSSIAN COUNSEL, M. ILVA BRAUDE.



THE JUDGE AND ASSESSORS IN COURT DURING THE TRIAL: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. LUDWIG MARTENS, ASSESSOR; VASSILI ULRICH, PRESIDENT OF THE COURT; G. A. DIMITRIEV, ASSESSOR; A. V. ZELINSKY, SUBSTITUTE MEMBER WITHOUT VOTING POWER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNION OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS.



THE SOVIET PUBLIC PROSECUTOR AND HIS ASSISTANT, M. ROZINSKY: M. ANDREW VISHINSKY (LEFT), WHO URGED THE COURT TO SENTENCE ALL THE BRITISH ACCUSED (EXCEPT MR. A. W. GREGORY, ERECTING ENGINEER) ON ALL THE CHARGES—ESPIONAGE, WRECKING, AND DIVERSIONAL ACTS.



THE MOST DISCUSSED OF THE ELEVEN ACCUSED RUSSIANS, ALL OF WHOM PLEADED "GUILTY," BEFORE THE MICROPHONE IN THE COURT: M. GUSEV, THE HEAD OF THE ZLATOUST ELECTRICITY STATION, WHOM M. VISHINSKY CHARGED WITH WRECKING ACTS WHICH HE ALLEGED HAD BEEN UNDERTAKEN AT THE INSTIGATION OF MR. THORNTON.

The trial of six British employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, and of eleven Russians, including Mme. Kutuzova, a secretary of the company, began in the Hall of the Trades Unions in Moscow on April 12. The indictment accused the British of belonging to counter-revolutionary organisations, of engaging in espionage and sabotage, and of bribery. With the exception of Mr. William Macdonald, the British pleaded "Not Guilty." Mr. Macdonald, who, instead of being allowed out on bail, had been kept in the Lubianka Prison, pleaded "Guilty" on the first day. On the second day he withdrew this

plea, pleaded "Not Guilty," and said: "There is no hope that I shall plead 'Guilty' again." Soon afterwards, Mr. Macdonald was taken out of the Court, with the Russian accused, for a rest of twenty minutes. On his return he again pleaded "Guilty" to all the charges; saying "I confirm" to the damning questions. Referring to this, our Foreign Office summary of the proceedings stated: "After the President of the Court had endeavoured unsuccessfully to persuade Macdonald to revert to his plea of Guilty, the Court adjourned. This adjournment, during which Macdonald left the Court



THE ONLY ONE OF THE BRITISH ACCUSED TO PLEAD "GUILTY"—TO PLEAD "NOT GUILTY" ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE TRIAL, AND THEN, AFTER TWENTY MINUTES AWAY FROM THE COURT, TO PLEAD "GUILTY" AGAIN: MR. WILLIAM MACDONALD (BEARDED) GIVING EVIDENCE AT THE TRIAL.

in the hands of his G.P.U. guards, was followed by a change in his behaviour which was remarked by all observers. He was again questioned as to whether he admitted espionage, and replied in low tones in the affirmative. He also stated that collective information involved was suggested by Thornton, and that he presumed other Metro-Vickers engineers were implicated. He also admitted giving instructions for machine wrecking." Mr. Thornton made vigorous denials. The eleven Russian accused pleaded "Guilty." In his final speech, M. Vishinsky, the Soviet Public Prosecutor, demanded the "severest

possible" punishment for Messrs. Thornton, Macdonald, Monkhouse, Cushman, and Nordwall; but he withdrew the charges against Mr. Gregory. He left the punishment to the Court; yet said: "All deserve death. But you must remember that the Soviet Government does not seek the blood of vengeance, but the defence of the Socialist revolution. Nevertheless, if you find it necessary to invoke the supreme measure of social defence, your hands must not tremble." Counsel for the defence then began their speeches, preceding the accused's statements on their own behalf, and the Court's delivery of the verdict.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

WARRANT-OFFICER  
AGELLO.

THE AIR-SPEED RECORD BROKEN AT LAKE GARDA: THE MACCHI-CASTOLDI SEAPLANE; FLOWN BY WARRANT-OFFICER AGELLO AT 423.76 M.P.H.

The Italian Air Ministry announced on April 10 that, in an attempt on the world's air-speed record made at Lake Garda, Warrant-Officer Agello, flying a Macchi-Castoldi 72 seaplane, had attained an average speed of 682.403 kilometres (423.76 miles) an hour, thus beating the record previously held by Great Britain. Warrant-Officer Agello, [Continued opposite.]

THE MACCHI-CASTOLDI SEAPLANE SEEN FROM THE SIDE; SHOWING THE TWO AIR SCREWS, WHICH REVOLVE IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

[Continued.] who is thirty-one, was reserve pilot in the Italian team which competed for the Schneider Trophy in 1929. He belongs to the Italian High Speed group at Desenzano. He twice fell into the Lake in 1929; and he had marvellous escapes from death on both occasions. He was to have been one of the Italian Schneider Team in 1931.



MRS. ALLEN HARKER.

The well-known novelist. Her death was announced on April 15. Author (with F. J. Pryor) of the play "Marigold," which ran for eighteen months, from April 1927. Author of "Children of the Dear Cotswolds."



THE MAN WHOSE NAME WAS GIVEN TO THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD:  
SIR GEORGE EVEREST—IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

In 1841, Sir George Everest, Surveyor-General in India, definitely identified Gaurisankar as a separate and distinct height from Everest, with which it had been previously confused. No native name could be found existing for the highest peak of all; so it was called Everest, after the great surveyor.



SIR ERNEST CLARK.

It was announced on April 13 that the King had approved the appointment of Sir Ernest Clark to be Governor of Tasmania. He was formerly Permanent Secretary to the Treasury of Northern Ireland.



SUB-DEAN H. G. MONROE.

Sub-Dean of Southwark Cathedral. Disappeared from his cabin in the "Berengaria," on the night of April 16-17, and is presumed to have been drowned. In the morning, his cabin was found empty, but with the door locked.



MR. WILLIAM BOOSEY.

For many years managing director of Messrs. Chappell and Co., the famous music-publishing firm. Died April 17; aged, sixty-nine. A descendant of the original founder of the firm. Author of "Fifty Years of Music."



MR. FRED TERRY.

The famous actor. Died on April 17. He was born in 1864—the youngest of the three brothers of four famous sisters, Kate, Ellen, Marion, and Florence Terry. He was particularly successful in historical costume plays, in which, often, he acted with his wife, Miss Julia Neilson. These included "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and "Henry of Navarre."



THE DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN BANKER: THE LATE SIR EDWARD STERN.

Sir Edward Stern, the merchant banker, head of the firm of Stern Brothers, and a director of the Midland Bank, died on April 17, aged seventy-eight. He went daily to the city in a horse-drawn carriage; and was well known in the worlds of coaching, hunting, and horse-breeding. He was the oldest driving member of the Coaching Club and the Four-in-Hand Club.



MR. F. G. KELLAWAY.

The former Postmaster-General who was known as the "Father of British Broadcasting." Died, aged sixty-two, on April 13. Deputy-Minister of Munitions, 1918. Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade, 1920. P.M.G., 1921. Defeated in the General Election of 1922, he gave up politics. Joined the Board of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co., 1922.



# ROYAL MAUNDY: GIFTS ONCE ACCOMPANIED BY A FOOT-WASHING RITE.



BRINGING THE MAUNDY PENCE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR DISTRIBUTION: A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD, IN TUDOR UNIFORM, BEARING ON HIS HEAD A SILVER DISH FULL OF PURSES.

The annual distribution of the Royal Maundy took place at Westminster Abbey on Thursday, April 13, when the traditional gifts were presented to sixty-eight old men and sixty-eight old women—the number being that of the years in the King's age. The Maundy consists of two parts—£1 15s. to each woman and £2 5s. to each man in lieu of the clothing that was formerly given, and a red and a white purse, the latter containing as many pence as the King's years. The Maundy money is minted in silver, in penny, twopenny, threepenny, and fourpenny pieces. The royal gifts were distributed by Prebendary Percival, the King's Sub-Almoner, who took the red and

white purses from a great silver dish borne by a Yeoman of the Guard in Tudor uniform. In former days the chief ceremony on this occasion was the washing of the feet of twelve or more poor men by the King himself. The last sovereign to perform this rite was James II. William III. delegated it to his Almoner, but in 1754 the foot-washing was omitted. At the recent Maundy distribution the custom was recalled by the fact that the Sub-Almoner and others wore white towels across their shoulders, in memory of the washing of the Disciples' feet by Jesus. On another page we illustrate an actual foot-washing ceremony on April 13 in Westminster Cathedral.





A FISH NATIVE TO THE DANUBE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES PUT IN THE THAMES IN 1872 AND 1905 AND NOW PERHAPS REAPPEARING: A 50-LB. HUCHEN FROM THE ILLER, BAVARIA.  
*Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News."*

## MONSTER "SALMON" IN THE THAMES: THE HUCHEN— ITS ARRIVAL AND POSSIBLE REAPPEARANCE.



A VERY PREDATORY FISH, OF WHICH THE BIGGEST EXAMPLE KILLED WEIGHED OVER 100 LB.: A BIG-JAWED 50-LB. HUCHEN, SHOWING ITS "ROBBER" FACE.  
*Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News."*



THE FAMILIAR SALMON—A 10-LB. FEMALE AND A 12-LB. MALE; SHOWING THE DISTINCTIVE DIFFERENCES IN THEIR HEADS: A HANDSOME FISH, CONTRASTING WITH THE VORACIOUS HUCHEN.  
*Reproduced from "Salmon Fishing," in the Lonsdale Library; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd.*



THE LARGEST HUCHEN CAUGHT IN THE RIVER INN FOR TWENTY YEARS: A 50½-LB. MONSTER KILLED IN NOVEMBER 1932 NEAR WASSERBURG BY DR. OTTO LINDPAINTER.

are very different from its native rock-strewn torrents, and whether it bred or had become sterile. The huchen is a non-migratory fish, and has never before been successfully transplanted. In a recent letter to the "Times," Mr. Howard Back said: "It is, in my opinion, definitely of the trout family. . . . It is golden-brown in colour, with black spots somewhat like diminutive crosses. It has a peculiarly hard mouth, and is capable of flattening out any but the stoutest hooks."

descendants, of fry introduced from the Danube as an experiment in 1905. The fish introduced in 1872 all died. Rumours of the existence of big salmon in the Thames have been current for some time, and a motor-launch recently struck a similar large fish in Clifton lock cut. If these are huchen they might well weigh up to about 40 lb.; and if a specimen could be caught, it would be of great scientific interest as showing whether the species had become modified during its Thames career, since the conditions here  
*[Continued below.]*



WATERS THAT THE HUCHEN LOVES, A ROCK-STREWN TORRENT ROLLING RAPIDLY: A PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RIVER ILLER, BAVARIA, ONE OF THE HUCHEN'S NATIVE HAUNTS.  
*Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News."*



LORD DESBOROUGH, WHO DREW ATTENTION TO THE DISCOVERY OF HUCHEN IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES, FISHING FOR THEM NEAR ABINGDON: AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE THE FIRST CATCH IN THIS COUNTRY, PARTLY FOR THE GREAT SCIENTIFIC INTEREST THAT A THAMES SPECIMEN WOULD HAVE.





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All the world over Whitbread's Pale Ale retains its brilliancy, delicate flavour and exhilarating tone. It can be iced or served at any desired temperature. It represents British Pale Ale in its most delicate and attractive form.



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There's no reason nowadays why a car with individuality should be costly. For instance, these three Morris 'Sixes' have a quiet goodness of their own that no discerning eye could miss. But they are not expensive. Their verve on the road is tremendous, and the twin-top gearboxes change without effort—almost without thought. Any one of these 'Sixes' will give you a new driving enjoyment for many years to come.

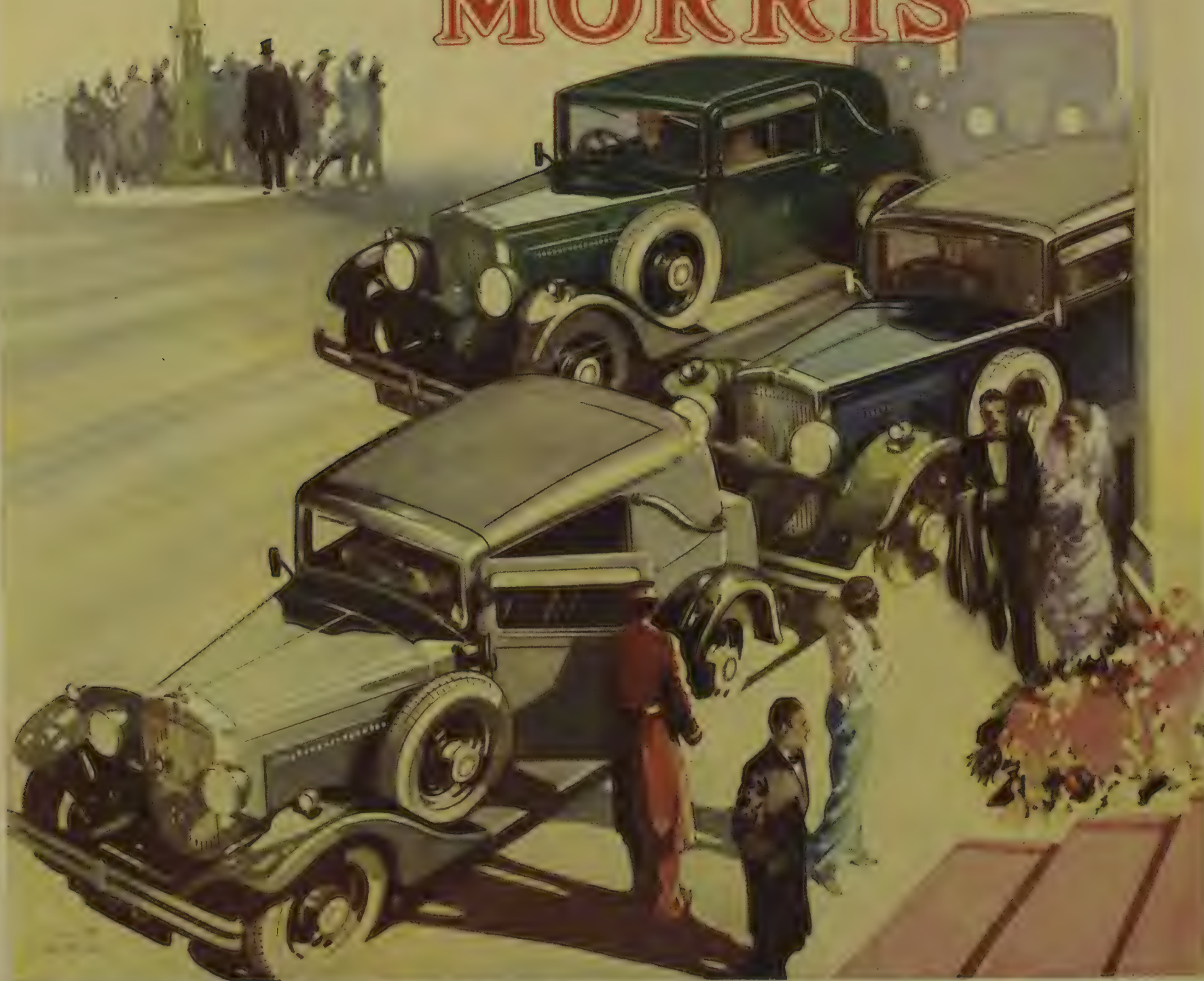
MAJOR '6' - - - 14 h.p.  
5 models from £199.10.0  
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## MORRIS







## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### COLTSFOOT: MYSTERIES OF A TROUBLESOME WEED.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE countryman marks the advent of spring not by the precise date when the sun crosses the vernal equinox, but by the opening of the spring flowers. And he follows its course by the order of arrival of our "summer migrants." In all this he, perhaps sub-consciously, realises a "rhythm" of nature, which he is apt to take as an inevitable sequence, though it may be interrupted by spells of inclement weather. But while this apparently unchangeable procession of events may impress us with a sense of the "orderliness" of nature, there is yet more behind it. For a little reflection will bring in its train curiosity as to what mysterious agency begets and sustains this rhythm, interrupted though it may be by a temporary recrudescence of winter conditions. We look eagerly for the first snowdrop, the first crocus, the first daffodil, and in anticipation of the "first" of many another of our favourites, either of the garden or the wayside. There is evidently a subtle "something," an inherent "responsiveness" to certain conditions of soil and temperature, which governs this awakening to life. We see the same, year by year, in the leafing of the trees, the plane, laburnum, ash, and oak being laggards, though we reap the benefit of this in the autumn.



1. THE FLOWER-HEADS OF THE COLTSFOOT WILTING, AS THOUGH SHORT OF WATER, WHILE THE SEED IS "SETTING": A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH ALSO SHOWS THE SEPARATE ROOT-STOCK FROM WHICH THE FLOWERS SPRING AT A.

This wilting of the flower-heads while the seed is "setting" is one of the coltsfoot's little-known peculiarities. No satisfactory explanation of this has yet been put forward, but it may be due to the withdrawal of the sap from the base of the flower-head to furnish extra nourishment to the ripening seed.

Though this order of succession be a matter of common knowledge, we have, as I say, no knowledge whatever of the controlling influences governing this succession. They are as mysterious as life itself. We have still to discover what precisely are the agencies which, on the one hand, cause the slowing down of the activities of the living tissue of plant life in the autumn, when part of the plant, generally its leaves, dies completely, and, on the other, bring about the burgeoning which comes with the spring. The revelations of the cinema show us that, during phases of active growth, the whole body is, so to speak, "seething" with animation. In plants like the coltsfoot, to which I shall return presently, and trees like the poplars, the sycamore, and so on, the flowers appear before the leaves, though as a rule the appearance of the flowers is delayed till the leaves are fully developed.

And now, as touching the coltsfoot. This is a common weed which has always interested me, and I have this year been anxiously awaiting its vivid yellow flowers to relieve the ugliness of a piece of bare waste ground. For it is one of those plants

which send up their flowers considerably in advance of their leaves, and they present many interesting peculiarities. In the first place, they are borne on a long, hollow stem, beset by rather woolly-looking scales, rising directly from the root-stock out of the ground. The florets of the ray present the appearance of being made of narrow threads of yellow silk. Unhappily, the adjoining photograph does not bear out the statement, because so much of this curious appearance depends on colour. These ray-florets, some two or three hundred in each flower-head, are all female, and hence form no pollen; but the florets of the disc, about twenty in number, are both male and female. And the style pushes its way up through a tube formed by the stamens. The two stigmatic surfaces are adherent and club-shaped, not divergent, as in, say, the hemp-agrimony.

But more than this is to be said. The ray-florets open earlier than those of the disc, and therefore, at first, can only be fertilised from some other flower-head, thus avoiding self-fertilisation. But later this takes place. As evening advances, the ray-florets bend inwards and close the flower-head. In doing this they take up the clumps of pollen from the disc. When the flower-head opens in the morning, the adherent pollen-clumps from the disc fall off and drop on to the open stigmas of the ray-florets!

Furthermore, these flowers present one peculiarity of which I can find no mention in any of my books. As soon as the "setting of the seed" begins, the heads, till now upturned to the sky, hang downwards, as though "wilted" for lack of water. The reason for this is not apparent. But it may be that it is due to the concentration of all the plant's available energy to the nourishment of the maturing seed, which saps the stem, just below the head, of some of its vitality; hence the "wilting." As the ripening advances, however, more sap is available for the stem, and so the seed-head comes at last to be erect, as were the flowers in their early stages of growth. This seed-head looks like a ball of silk threads, recalling the "pappus" of the dandelion or the thistle, and, as with these flowers, the first breeze breaks up this cluster, and the separate seeds are borne aloft to fall, at last, on some new piece of ground, thus extending the range of the plant.

But all these seed-heads do not fulfil their true function, for the goldfinch will raid them to furnish materials for its nest, and in olden days they were used for tinder. Though bees visit these flowers for the sake of their nectar, they have no fragrance, or at any rate such as could appeal to human nostrils. The leaves do not appear until the flowering period is past its zenith, and they present some interesting peculiarities. In the first place, it will be noted, when they come to be examined, that the upper surface is smooth and easily wetted, and the microscope shows that there are no "stomata," or breathing apertures. These are all clustered on the under-surface of the leaf, which is white and covered with short white hairs, and, since they cannot be wetted, the stomata preserve free contact with the air. But I find that this "waterproofing" is not present in the young leaves.

Nowadays we set no store by the coltsfoot. But time was when it was held in high esteem for its medicinal properties. The old herbalists regarded it as an infallible cure for coughs, and of the greatest value in pulmonary complaints. Coltsfoot lozenges were in great demand. And from the days of Discorides up till now, the leaves were used to make "herb tobacco," to be smoked by the asthmatic. During the Great War, indeed, I well remember joining a friend of mine in drying and preparing such leaves to mix with and supplement the meagre supplies of tobacco which were then available!

Though the lover of wild flowers looks with a kindly eye on this plant, to the farmer it is a "noxious weed," since its large leaves, roughly the shape of a colt's footprint—hence the name "coltsfoot"—may measure four to eight inches across, thus shutting out the light from young, growing corn and other crops. And the plant is very difficult to eradicate. For its creeping root-stocks, which produce leaves only, have been traced vertically downwards in stiff clay for as much as four feet. Moist or wet stiff soils, especially if calcareous, are most to its liking. But it seems to have a fondness for railway-cuttings. Inasmuch as each plant may produce as many as 5000 seeds, and as each of these bears at its tip a tuft of white, silky hairs, or down, called the "pappus," they, like thistle-down, can be carried by the wind and distributed over large areas. Though some authorities say that the whole flowering period and distribution of seeds may precede the appearance of the leaves, I have always found that the leaves appear some considerable time before the downy seed-head.



2. A COMMON WEED, AND ONE VERY TROUBLESOME TO FARMERS, WHICH, NONE THE LESS, HOLDS CONSIDERABLE INTEREST FOR SCIENTISTS: THE COLTSFOOT, WHOSE VIVID YELLOW FLOWERS APPEAR BEFORE THE LEAVES.

The coltsfoot is so called, of course, from the shape of its leaf, which has, roughly, the form of the impress of a colt's hoof. The leaves, however, do not appear until the flowers have reached their maximum development. The flowers spring from a special root-stock, as may be seen in this photograph.



3. THE PECULIAR SEED-HEAD OF THE COLTSFOOT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MID-APRIL 1932, WHEN THE FLORETS OF THE DISC WERE IN PROCESS OF BEING THRUST OUT BY STIFF HAIRS (A).

Each seed in the head of the coltsfoot bears at its tip a tuft of silky hairs, so that it can be carried by the wind, like thistle-down, and distributed over wide areas. There may be as many as 5000 seeds produced by a single plant, and three or four hundred on each flower stalk.



A FUNERAL EFFIGY IN CLOTHES WORN BY THE LIVING ORIGINAL: A REMARKABLE ABBEY "WAXWORK" RESTORATION.

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DETAIL OF THE UNDER-PETTICOAT OF QUILTED LINEN FORMING PART OF THE DRESS WORN BY THE FUNERAL EFFIGY OF CATHARINE, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM (WHO DIED IN 1743); AND, LIKE THE OTHER CLOTHES, WORN BY HER GRACE IN LIFE.



DETAIL OF THE DUCHESS'S PETTICOAT OF ROSE-RED SATIN QUILTED IN LOZENGE PATTERN.—HERE SEEN, LIKE THE OTHER CLOTHES, AFTER CLEANING.



THE STOCKINGS—KNITTED PINK SILK; WITH CLOCKS AND WITH A DOUBLE-OVER TOP FOR THE INSERTION OF THE DRAW-STRING.

Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner, M.V.O., F.S.A., Keeper of the Muniments, Westminster Abbey, has been good enough to supply us with the following note concerning the restoration of the effigy of Catharine, Duchess of Buckingham (here illustrated), which, according to ancient custom, was carried at her funeral, and of the effigy of the little Marquess of Normanby (illustrated on the next page). "At the request of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum have recently undertaken the cleaning of the wax effigies of Westminster Abbey. Some of these effigies are of great interest, because not only were they carried at the funerals of those whom they represent, but they are dressed in the actual clothes worn by them in life. The figures which have survived are those of Queen Elizabeth (an eighteenth-century copy of the original effigy); Charles II.; the Duchess of Richmond (La Belle Stuart); William and Mary; Queen Anne; the Duchess of Buckingham and her small son, the Marquess of Normanby, and her other son, the last Duke



DETAIL OF THE PETTICOAT FRONT: SILK TISSUE BROCADED WITH SILK AND SILVER-GILT THREAD, AND WITH A FLORAL PATTERN AND A SCENE WITH A LAKE, A BRIDGE, AND CASTLE. OF BUCKINGHAM; the Earl of Chatham; and Nelson. Two of these effigies have now been cleaned, and the result has been so successful that it is proposed that the other effigies shall be undertaken in due course. It was almost impossible to believe that the dingy and faded embroideries, velvets, lace, etc., would be capable of responding to treatment, but skill and patience have worked wonders, and the Duchess of Buckingham and her little son have returned to the Abbey very much in the condition in which they appeared when they were first made. Catharine, Duchess of Buckingham, was the daughter of James II.



THE EFFIGY OF CATHARINE, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM, WHICH WAS CARRIED AT HER FUNERAL: A FAMOUS WESTMINSTER ABBEY "WAXWORK" AS CLEANED. (5 FT. 9 IN. TALL.) The clothes were worn by the Duchess in life. The Peenem's robes are of plain red silk pile velvet, trimmed with ermine, silver button work, and paste jewellery. The ruffles are of burano point lace. The petticoat front is of silk tissue brocaded with silk and silver-gilt thread. A Duchess's coronet is worn. The black velvet on which the paste jewellery was sewn was stiffened with playing cards (e.g. part of a Queen of Spades). In the right hand are a cotton rose and carnation.



EARRINGS—COPPER-GILT; EACH WITH FOUR PASTER.



THE SHOES—OF GREEN SATIN WITH GILT BRAIDING AND WITH BUCKLES OF SILVER AND STEEL SET WITH PASTER; RELICS OF THE DUCHESS WHOM WALPOLE CALLED "MAD WITH PRIDE."

by Catharine Sedley and the wife of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the friend and patron of Dryden and the builder of Buckingham Palace. She was inordinately proud of her royal descent, and many stories were told by Horace Walpole and others of her arrogance. Lord Hervey relates how he found her on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Charles I., seated in a chair of state, clad in deepest mourning, and surrounded by her women, all as black and dismal-looking as herself. Her superb reply to Lady Huntingdon, who had incautiously tried to interest her in the Methodists, was



SLEEVE-RUFFLES, ETC., OF BURANO POINT LACE DATING FROM ABOUT 1700—PART OF THE CLOTHING THE DUCHESS MAY HERSELF HAVE CHOSEN FOR HER EFFIGY.



THE WHITE LINEN SHIFT—WITH A DRAW-STRING FOR RAISING THE NECK-OPENING.

equally characteristic. "I thank your Ladyship," she wrote, "for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive and strongly tinged with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth. I cannot but wonder that your Ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." The Duchess died in 1743, but it is probable that the wax effigy was made under her personal supervision in 1735, at the time of the death of her son, the last Duke of Buckingham of that line; and it is possible that the effigy of the child (who died, aged three, in 1715) was also made then: but, on the other hand, it may have been actually carried at the funeral. Both are dressed in clothes which they had actually worn, and the effigies are so lifelike that they convey to the mind an impression of the proud Duchess and her son and of another age such as no mere painted portrait could, perhaps, ever produce."



# THE ABBEY "WAXWORK" OF THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY—ITS DRESS.

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THE COAT OF CERISE-COLOURED VELVET, WITH SILVER BRAID AND FROGGINGS, AND LINED WITH PINK SILK; USED TO CLOTHE THE EFFIGY OF THE THREE-YEAR-OLD MARQUESS OF NORMANBY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—AS CLEANED.



THE UNDER-COAT OF ITALIAN SILK TISSUE, BROCADED WITH SILK AND SILVER-GILT THREAD ON A BLUE SATIN GROUND, AND OF YELLOW FIGURED SILK; LINED WITH PALE FAWN SILK—AS CLEANED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



THE ABBEY "WAXWORK" OF THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY, SON OF CATHARINE, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM: THE EFFIGY BEFORE CLEANING (3 FT. 3 IN. TALL).

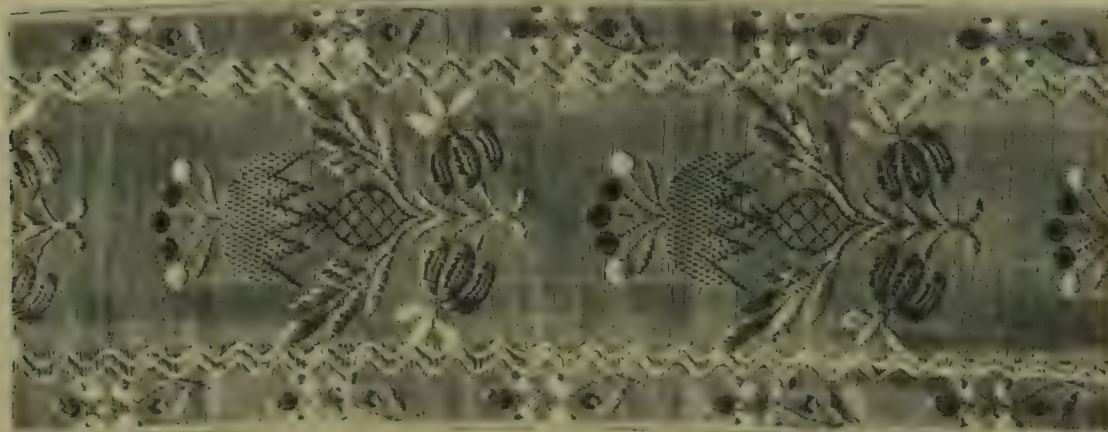
The Marquess died in 1715, at the age of three. The clothes worn by his effigy are of that date. In the hands of the figure are paper flowers—a carnation and a chrysanthemum.

THIS effigy of the little Marquess of Normanby, who died in 1715, at the age of three, is one of the so-called "waxworks" in Westminster Abbey, and, like the funeral effigy of Catharine, Duchess of Buckingham (see the two preceding pages), has been cleaned by the Victoria and Albert Museum, acting for the Abbey authorities. Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner points out that it is possible that the effigy here seen was not made and dressed until 1735, when it is probable that the Duchess had the wax effigy of herself made, although she did not die until 1743. On the other hand, the clothes worn are definitely of 1715, which suggests that the effigy may have been fashioned at that time and have been carried at the child's funeral. Further than that it is not

[Continued below.]



THE SLEEVELESS SHIRT AND CUFFS, ALL OF FINE LINEN WITH A NARROW EDGING OF BOBBIN LACE; THE NECK-BAND OF PLEATED LINEN, WITH SLITS TO ENABLE THE CRAVAT TO BE PULLED THROUGH IT; AND THE CRAVAT OF VALENCIENNES BOBBIN LACE. (CLEANED.)



DETAIL OF THE SASH THAT TIES THE UNDER-COAT—OF SILK AND SILVER-GILT, WITH A FLORAL PATTERN IN SILK. (CLEANED.)

possible to go. As to the Westminster Abbey effigies in general, Mr. Tanner, writing in the "Times" of the other day, recalled: "For centuries it was the custom at a great funeral in Westminster Abbey to carry a life-size effigy of the deceased and to place it afterwards on a catafalque near the grave and surround it with the heraldic achievements of the family. There it remained for a month or more, and was then placed in a glass-fronted case nearby. In course of time, these effigies were removed to the Islip chantry chapel, where for a hundred years or more they have been on view."



## A LION CHASING A CAR: ACTION PICTURES BY AMATEUR CINEMATOGRAPHY.



These photographs are of particular interest in that action pictures of free lions are rare. They were taken by Mr. John Burgoyne, who, with his wife, recently visited the Kruger National Game Reserve in South Africa. Mrs. Burgoyne writes as follows: "The fact that the pictures are not perfectly sharp-cut is excusable in the circumstances. Not only was the lion 'flat-out,' but the driver of the open car from which the photographs were taken was accelerating at his fastest on the very rough track. It is fortunate and curious that the lion's head is well defined in the photographs. A telephoto lens was not used, the ciné-camera being a standard model using 16 mm. Kodak film and fitted with an F 2.6 lens of 20 mm. focus. It is unusual for lions to take such embarrassing interest in cars, which, in fact, they generally disdainfully ignore altogether. Not half an hour after the incident in question a magnificent black-maned lion ran alongside our car for a distance of more than 150 yards at a range varying from 15 to 30 yards. He, being intent on his own business, did not even deign to give us a look. However, the lion in the picture, and his companion, were very different. They charged us on sight. They were both young males; about 2½ years old. The fact that they were maneless is only to be expected, as, in

their natural surroundings, they do not develop manes until well on in years. While young and active, the thorny undergrowth is responsible for keeping manes very short. They were evidently still hungry at 6.30 in the morning, when the photos were taken. At that hour, one normally expects them to be distinctly somnolent after a hearty repast. These two were very lively and very cross. The local theorists were inclined to believe that if we had stopped, the lions would have done so also, and ceased to take interest in the car. In the same way, I presume, that a kitten ceases to be amused by the bit of paper when you stop dragging it along the floor. It need not be imagined that an expedition of vast expense, lasting many weeks, is necessary to see big game. Actually, we were on a business visit to the vineyards of the Cape, and spent less than sixty hours in the Kruger Game Reserve. It can be reached in a night by train from Johannesburg, and is less than eighty miles from Lorenzo Marques, the Portuguese port on the East coast. Neither must the Reserve be thought of—it commonly is—as a glorified 'Zoo.' It is 300 miles long, 9000 square miles in extent, and fenceless! Its only distinction from the surrounding country is that one does not carry a gun, unless officially sealed. Firearms may only be used in emergency."





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### "SEAWEED" MARQUETRY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE barbarous—but rather touching, because so naïve—belief of seventeenth-century Puritanism that the arts were the work of the devil was too crude a theory to survive the restoration of Charles II. As far as the upper classes were concerned, they welcomed the new-fashioned and the exotic with an enthusiasm which was as uncritical as it was extravagant, and, in cases where money was no object, they were inclined to judge the value of a cabinet not by its intrinsic merit, but by the decoration lavished upon it. Lacquer came over from the East, and was set upon elaborate silvered stands; and all sorts of pretty fashions from Portugal, from France, from Holland began to invade the apartments of the polite world. Among these importations was the art of marquetry (French *marqueterie*), which, in the form discussed on this page, first made its appearance in English furniture at this time, was particularly popular in the reign of William III., and finally disappeared under Queen Anne.

By this time, when we use the word "marquetry" we mean the art of arranging a pattern, in one or more woods, upon a foundation of walnut: custom restricts us to this use of the word, but actually marquetry is merely a form of inlay, a method of decorating a plain surface used by English craftsmen as early as the sixteenth century. The fine, solid Elizabethan buffets in oak have on several occasions been illustrated on this page: on them we often find inlay in a simple geometric pattern made by cutting down to about one-eighth of an inch and gluing on little pieces of yew, holly, sycamore, and other woods in the required design. The same method—in essentials that of the worker in mosaic—was sometimes used on walnut.

After the Restoration we become much more sophisticated—in short, we work in marquetry rather than in inlay, but the difference is one of degree rather than of kind. Designs are far

more complicated, and require far more delicacy in their execution. Twentieth-century criticism has sorted out the examples, from the beginning of the reign of Charles II. to about 1705, into two main classes. The first of these comprises a large number of purely floral designs, carried out in several different coloured woods. The whole world knows of John Evelyn from his Diary, which is one of the really important sources for the social and political history of the times—in some respects even more important than that of Samuel Pepys—but few are on more than nodding terms with that other book of his, "Sylva" (first edition 1664), which is practically our only literary authority for what furniture-makers were doing immediately after the Restoration. He tells us that Berbery was used for yellow, Holly for white, Acacia, Prince and Rosewood for yellow and reds, with several others brought from both Indies. A period of rapidly expanding trade coincided with the return of an extravagant, not to say spendthrift, Court—and among its minor extravagances must be classed the floral marquetry designs in different coloured veneers which are among the most delightful and least exuberant creations of the late seventeenth century. This floral pattern gradually gave way to the more intricate but, from another point of view, simpler design, of which the two illustrations are notable examples. This is the seaweed, or endive, pattern—the name explains itself—which practically supplanted the purely floral during the reign of William. I have said it is more intricate, and, indeed, it is not easy to imagine anything more complicated than these delicate convolutions: it is more simple because, whereas the earlier fashion required several kinds of wood, the seaweed type needed but two—box or holly for the pattern and walnut for the ground. Speaking rather generally, the same method produced both—the layers of veneer were glued together and several cut at one operation. In each case, uncommon skill and extreme niceness of touch were essential if the work was to be accurate.

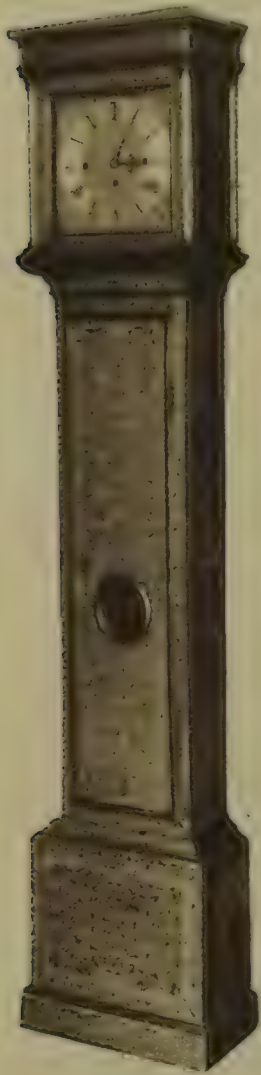
For sixty years, for no obvious reason, marquetry was out of favour—and then, also for no obvious reason, it came back again in the 1760's: not, however, the seaweed type, but a pattern nearer to the floral designs of the first years of Charles II. Of this, again, many examples have appeared on this page—elegant cabinets, imitated from current French examples, and adorned with gracious little baskets of flowers, and not, of course, of walnut. But this second marquetry fashion was to last even less than the first—by about 1780 the difficult and slow marquetry process was too elaborate for a craft

which illustrate so well the furniture fashions of about 1700, are appearing in a sale of pictures and furniture belonging to the late Countess of Strafford at her town house in Grosvenor Square. (I would also like to draw the attention of collectors to certain important mirrors, of about the same period, which are to be dispersed at the same time.) By way of con-



2. A WILLIAM AND MARY CABINET IN "SEAWEED" MARQUETRY: A PIECE DATING FROM ABOUT 1700; WITH THE EXCESSIVELY CURVED LEGS AND THE ELABORATE STRETCHER CHARACTERISTIC OF THE FURNITURE OF THE PERIOD.

The clock (Fig. 1) and the cabinet seen above are in a sale of pictures and furniture, belonging to the late Countess of Strafford, which Messrs. Curtis and Henson arranged to conduct. The clock, we understand, is the work of Obadiah Grevill, of London.



1. "SEAWEED," OR "ENDIVE," MARQUETRY AT THE TIME OF WILLIAM AND MARY: A LONG CASE CLOCK DECORATED WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY DEGREE OF INTRICACY BY THIS TECHNIQUE.

more complicated, and require far more delicacy in their execution. Twentieth-century criticism has sorted out the examples, from the beginning of the reign of Charles II. to about 1705, into two main classes. The first of these comprises a large number of purely floral designs, carried out in several different coloured woods. The whole world knows of John Evelyn from his Diary, which is one of the really important sources for the social and political history of the times—in some respects even more important than that of Samuel Pepys—but few are on more than nodding terms with that other book of his, "Sylva" (first edition 1664), which is practically our only literary authority for what furniture-makers were doing immediately after the Restoration. He tells us that Berbery was used for yellow, Holly for white, Acacia, Prince and Rosewood for yellow and reds, with several others brought from both Indies. A period of rapidly expanding trade coincided with the

trast, I illustrate, in Fig. 3, a notable specimen of sixteenth-century inlay in the shape of a walnut chest decorated with box, ebony, and holly. Under the Tudors, walnut was a rare wood, reserved only for exceptional pieces. The inlay in this instance represents the old palace of Nonsuch, in Surrey. The ordinary geometrical pattern of the times is seen well enough on the columns and pediment of the two arches, but this rare specimen is shown here, not so much on account of its importance as a collector's piece, as a demonstration of the change in technique between the old inlay convention and that of seventeenth-century marquetry.

The excessive curvature of the legs of Fig. 2, with the elaborate stretcher, is quite characteristic of the furniture of the William and Mary period, and can be paralleled in any number of rather similar pieces produced both in Paris and Amsterdam. Twenty, or even ten, years later, a cabinet of similar proportions will, as likely as not, be in burr walnut without any marquetry whatever, and will rest upon four reasonably elegant legs which have a slight cabriole and no stretcher whatever. Thirty years after that, the same sort of thing in mahogany will be carried out with a wealth of fine



3. "MARQUETRY" IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A CHEST INLAID WITH BOX, EBONY, AND HOLLY—REPRESENTING THE OLD PALACE OF NONSUCH, IN SURREY, COMBINED WITH THE ORDINARY GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS FAVOURED AT THE TIME.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Acton Surgey.

that was already beginning to succumb to the need for haste, and it was found that to paint a pattern was easier and, on the whole, reasonably efficient. These two William and Mary marquetry pieces,

carving, and acanthus leaves and swirls and garlands—so speedily does fashion change from the complicated to the severe, from the severe to the fantastic—and then back again to a sweet simplicity.



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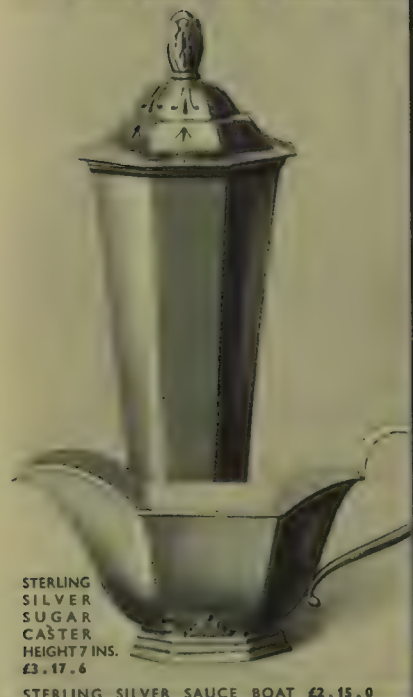
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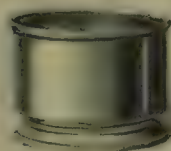


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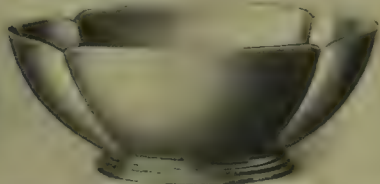


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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "THE RATS OF NORWAY." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

DESPITE the title, which has nothing to do with rats or Norway, and the fact that the auditorium is plunged into darkness several minutes before the rise of the curtain, while the orchestra wails "banshee" music, this is not symbolic drama. It is a plain and interesting, if never very dramatic, account of life behind the scenes at a preparatory school for boys in Northumberland. An "Old Sebastian" instead of a "Young Woodley," so to speak. For the Sebastian who falls in love with the headmaster's wife is a middle-aged, drink-sodden sports master; the pupils are never seen, though we do occasionally hear "noises off." It is doubtful if many dramatists regard their school-days as "the happiest years of their life," for they all unite in drawing headmasters as unimaginative blockheads. Mr. Cecil Parker, who specialises in this type of part, gave an extremely natural performance as the "head," and convinced us that one at least such person exists. The wife, though admirably played by Miss Gladys Cooper, is not so well drawn. It is difficult to appreciate what emotion Sebastian arouses in her. Cold and aloof, she leaves little impression on the memory, and it seems out of key at the end, when her lover returns from the village in a drunken stupor and dies on her bed, that she should choose that moment to announce to her husband her faithlessness. The most interesting character in the play is that of Tilly Shane, who teaches the youngest boys. She has for one of the masters that clinging, self-sacrificing love that irritates all but the most unimaginative man. She adores him with a too-obvious love; has he a headache, the air is metaphorically white with the aspirins she showers upon him. She so seeks to be his shadow that she loses every touch of individuality. This is a very interesting study of a not uncommon type of woman, and is perfectly played by Miss Helen Spencer, who cleverly contrives not to irritate her audience as she does her lover. The play, always interesting, if never deeply moving, is brilliantly acted. In addition to those actors already mentioned, Mr. Raymond Massey gives one of his best performances as the



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"hag-ridden" lover. Mr. Laurence Olivier is excellent as Tilly Shane's fiancé; while Mr. Gilbert Davis is the blundering, hearty, good-natured Mann to perfection.

### "ON APPROVAL." AT THE STRAND.

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale has been called by admirers "The Modern Sheridan," but the revival of this comedy proves that his dialogue has so dated in the mere seven years that have elapsed since its first production that immortality is not likely to be his. That is the defect of artificial comedy—until, and unless, it lives to become a "period piece" its life is practically limited to its first production; whereas possibly inferior plays win through their human interest. Strange as it may seem to the modern playgoer, in 1927 it was considered very "daring" for Mrs. Wislack to invite Richard Halton to spend all save his sleeping-hours alone with her in a shooting-box in Scotland. Few would call this comedy daring now, though it must be stated that some of the situations are as amusing as ever. Particularly the one when Mr. Ronald Squire, as the Duke of Bristol, resolves to be less selfish, with an effect upon his friends somewhat resembling "When the old man came home sober for the first time in his life," a song middle-aged patrons of the music-halls may remember. Miss Isabel Jeans, who succeeds Miss Ellis Jeffreys, was a shade too feline as Mrs. Wislack. Miss Jeans's great gift on the stage is allure, and as here she has little chance to display it, the result was disappointing. Mr. Ronald Squire repeated his admirable performance as the Duke of Bristol. Mr. Athole Stewart was excellent in his customary unselfish, and somewhat stupid rôle, while, for a young actress who makes her first West End appearance simultaneously with having her name in "lights" outside the theatre, Miss Agatha Carroll proved herself as promising as she is lucky.

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE GRAND OPERA SEASON.

THE opera season which begins at Covent Garden on Monday, May 1, promises to be of more than ordinary interest this year, because, in addition to the great attractions of recent seasons, there are to be several real novelties, such as we have not had at Covent Garden for some time. In the first place, there will be two cycles of the "Ring," the first beginning on Tuesday, May 2, and the next cycle starting on Wednesday, May 10. For these two cycles, the finest company of contemporary German singers has been procured, and we may look forward to classic performances of the first order when we consider that Sir Thomas Beecham and Professor Robert Heger, who will be the conductors, will have at their disposal Frida Leider, Lotte Lehmann, Maria Olszewska, Lauritz Melchior, Friedrich Schorr, Emil Schipper, Herbert Janssen, and others who have been responsible for some of the most remarkable performances of the "Ring" within living memory.

A finer cast could not be collected together, and we may expect more from Sir Thomas Beecham this year than ever before, not only because he will be more familiar with his company, but also because he, too, is maturing his powers.

It is probable that Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" will be chosen to open the season on Monday, May 1, and, in that case, we shall hear Lotte Lehmann once more in her wonderful representation of the Princess. This, the most brilliant and successful opera of modern times, is the ideal work in its combination of stage splendour and dazzling vivacity to open the season with, and we are to see and hear some newcomers in the cast supporting Lotte Lehmann in this opera.

One of the familiar events of the season will be the production of "Tristan und Isolde," with Frida Leider, who is unquestionably the greatest Isolde of our time; but we may also have the pleasure of adding unfamiliar events of equal quality to our experience this year. The promised production of "Otello" may be one of these. Verdi's great opera is one of the highest achievements in the history of stage music, but we have never yet had, in my experience, a performance at Covent Garden that came up to the greatness of the work. This year there are a number of new Italian singers from whom we may hope for much, and there are some well-known and fine artistes, such as Rosetta Pampalini, in whom we may have the utmost confidence. If "Otello" gets the production it deserves—that is to say, a performance comparable with the "Tristan und Isolde" of Leider and Melchior—then I prophesy that it will be one of the greatest sensations of the season.

This is not all we have to hope for. We are promised a neglected, but remarkable, opera of Verdi's, namely, "Don Carlos," in a new version. This opera is full of vivid, dramatic music in Verdi's boldest style, and ought to make a great impression if justice is done to it. Finally,

as a special attraction, we have one absolute novelty, Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," to be performed as an operatic work, in French. There can be no doubt that we owe this to Sir



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Thomas Beecham himself, who is the artistic director of the season. I prophesy that this will prove a great and enjoyable surprise to the public. Sir Thomas understands Berlioz, and I expect "La Damnation de Faust" at his hands to make a real musical sensation and do something to give Berlioz his proper position among our music-lovers. Another feature of this season will be the new London Philharmonic Orchestra. We have, therefore, every reason to expect this year to enjoy the most brilliant operatic season for many years.

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## THE GREAT WHITE WORLD.

(Continued from Page 558.)

and cook his food, or make tea." In very few places is there any relaxation of the rigours. "When I remember my journeys through Alaska I see hardships everywhere, danger everywhere, privations of the worst kind; everywhere life hangs by a thread; men rush, often in despair and exhaustion, persecuted by all possible things; they drag themselves from one hellish place to another." And yet there are men—not a few of them—who not only choose to live in these surroundings, but prefer to do so in utter solitariness. Welzl describes several of these extraordinary recluses, including one—"King of the Rocky Mountains"—who, according to his own account, had lived in a desolate, gelid spot for sixty years, and was continuing to do so without complaint at the age of eighty-four.

"Arctic Bismarck" has made no less than thirteen expeditions to the Frozen Sea, and his narrative of adventures there is most enthralling. Furs and fish were the quest, with sometimes a whale—"a floating fortune"—caught by unorthodox methods. The real task, and it is one of extreme peril, is getting to the hunting-grounds; once there, the creatures are comparatively easy prey, and exist in unlimited abundance. "There in front of us lay the level surface of an extensive lake, and on its shores we saw thousands and thousands of seals, walruses, and other water animals, extending for miles as if a colossal army were lying dead. So they were lying with their heads towards the water, basking in the sun. Among the seals and walruses there were also sea-cows, sea-horses, sea-elephants. . . . It is a rare sight, which few people on earth have ever been privileged to see." No less prolific are the fish—royal salmon, silver salmon, dog salmon, and grayling; while sardines pullulate "in such multitudes that even fifty yards from the shore they are so tightly packed together in the water that we could walk on them."

Fisherman's tales? They might, we believe, be easily substantiated. Credence is, perhaps, a little more severely

taxed by the Wellsian eclipse of the sun which Welzl relates as an incident of Captain Ivanov's expedition in 1913—and yet such Judgment Day visions are not impossible in the Arctic. "It was as if a circle of ghastly flaming tongues began to flash on all sides, fiery tails flickered here and there, and we thought the terrible hour of death was approaching. This took about twenty seconds. In that time all the heat had gone from the sun, and of a

lives? Perhaps it is a queer little cell of invincibility in man that, the rougher the rod, the more he tends to kiss it. And, as Mr. Bumble remarked, "use is everything. Mrs. Corney, marm." Use was so much to King of the Rocky Mountains that when they asked him what were his most interesting adventures in the sixty years of his Polar bear existence, he pondered for a time, and then replied that he could not think of any adventures at all. The shells were always falling, but all was quiet on the Arctic front! C. K. A.



LAUSANNE—A SPLENDID HOLIDAY RESORT AS WELL AS ONE OF SWITZERLAND'S PRINCIPAL INTELLECTUAL AND EDUCATIONAL CENTRES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR THE TOWN—LOOKING OVER LAKE LEMAN AND THE VINEYARDS.

disk at other times so dazzling bright nothing was left but a dark circle enclosed in a luminous ring. The sun had been put out. And in the middle of the dark circle we saw, not believing our eyes, hills, huge rocks, volcanoes, and craters, with lava flowing in all directions. As the lava reached the edge of the sun it flared up in a tremendous blaze, which flashed in all directions, and streamed out as if gigantic snakes were flinging themselves into the universe."

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A vivid picture of all sorts and conditions of men—a true slice of life—is given by "Extension Night," by Roland Wild (Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.). The utmost diversity of character, outlook, and profession prevails among the well-dressed crowd of diners at the famous "Alba" restaurant, where it is extension night. There is Syd Soames, the famous Cockney film-star; there is Helen Danesfort, last of the courtesans, who leaves her lover alone at his table and shattered, half-way through the evening. And there are many more—criminal and respectable—smart and dowdy—not forgetting Josef, the Austrian restaurant-keeper, the standard by which each new set of characters is tried.

"A Short History of the World's Shipping Industry" (G. Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.) covers this subject in a comprehensive single volume—and so fills a gap which has long lain open among all kinds of more or less specialised treatises on the subject. The author, Mr. C. Ernest Fayle, was responsible for the section "Seaborne Trade" in the Official History of the Great War. Mr. Fayle does full justice to the economic as well as to the romantic side of the history of shipping. The closing chapter deals with the problems of the modern shipping world, and Mr. Fayle has something to say about subsidised tonnage and other deplorable features of the present situation.

Another new book dealing with matters nautical is "A Life of Lord St. Vincent" (by the same publishers; 10s. 6d.). The author is O. A. Sherrard, whose most entertaining life of John Wilkes will be remembered by many of our readers, and revealed him, among other things, as an expert in the intricacies of eighteenth-century political intrigue in England—a knowledge that is exploited to the full in the life of Jervis under review. It is an extraordinary story of the struggle of an elderly man (he was sixty-two before the battle of St. Vincent gave him his first real chance), against corruption and inefficiency at home, and mutiny and jealousy in his fleet, to forge the weapon which eventually gave us the command of the seas—the fleet with which Nelson won Trafalgar.

Mr. Edward Samson, the author of "Oh, Doctor!" has now produced an equally amusing skit on the life of the artistic colonies, called "Oh, You Moderns!" (John Murray; 2s. 6d.). Bunny Bingham—in a series of letters wherein the spelling is capricious but extremely expressive, and the grammar quite *syncopated* (as Bunny herself might have said), but none the less stimulating—tells her friend, Anne, of a crisis in her life. Bunny forsook the "shires of her sires" (she was known as one of the best seats in the Wotsmore) during an attack of temperament, took a

correspondence course in Art, and fled to Bloomsbury. A number of illustrations seem to show that, in spite of her eventual redemption by a "public school man" and return to the shires, Bunny somehow managed to become no mean caricaturist!

Mr. R. A. Duncan, the author of "The Architecture of a New Era" (Denis Archer; 7s. 6d.), was, we learn in the preface, an instructor at the A.A. school in 1918, where he is now the lecturer in the History of Mediæval Architecture. There was among architects, after the war, much confusion in respect of ideas; the old traditions being in disrepute and new principles not yet made clear. To help in elucidating the latter Mr. Duncan at first falls back on the social background of architecture, and on history. His treatment of history may be found somewhat unsatisfying. Many of his generalisations



MR. ROLAND WILD,  
Author of "Extension Night."

are, to say the least, extremely controversial. But when he comes to a description of the changes that modern materials and technical advances are likely to bring about in building, he is on much surer ground. Steel-framed construction, central heating, artificial ventilation and air-conditioning, electricity—the possibilities of these have hardly been explored.

"Alpine Days and Nights" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.) describes a series of climbs undertaken by W. T. Kirkpatrick and the late R. Philip Hope. This couple were famous for their achievements without guides. The accounts contained in the volume under review are far from being mere dry records of routes and technical difficulties overcome. Many amusing incidents diversify the story—such as that of the Swiss girls who came up for a picnic and stole the mountaineers' provisions while they were reconnoitring the Nesthorn. The description of this ascent is quite hair-raising, in spite of Mr. Kirkpatrick's modest style of narration. Altogether this is a book which the tourist and amateur as well as the Alpinist may expect to enjoy.



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I am wondering whether we make enough fuss about our achievements in these days of blatant publicity methods. For instance, in a twenty-four-hour trial recently organised by the Amsterdam City Militia, two British light cars—Wolseley Hornets—competed successfully against strong competition from other materials. The event attracted an entry of 145 drivers of every type and make of Continental and U.S.A. cars. These drivers belonged to all kinds of police and military institutions, as well as

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By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

standard, our cars can compete as regards price with most other makes in Europe's markets. Therefore, in the Scandinavian countries, and in Holland and Belgium, British cars are selling better to-day than at any previous time in automobile history. That is one of the chief reasons why America wishes Great Britain would return to the gold standard. Our cars are replacing the U.S.A. models in many markets. As

stated that the whole trouble with English cars in the past had been that the American agents had got into the market and put excellent propaganda over to help their sales. To-day, however, "midget" English cars were running about the north and south islands like flies." I am sure that Mr. Paish meant well by this remark, but, while we know a large number of small English cars are sold in New Zealand, the great majority are full-sized vehicles. Talking about "midget" English cars is bad propaganda, and I must draw attention to this, as our U.S.A. rivals endeavour to persuade markets that theirs are the only full-sized vehicles at moderate prices obtainable, whereas English cars of equal size, and perhaps even cheaper than their competitors, are now made and sold.

### A Car every Six Minutes.

Motors, of Luton. Vauxhall cars and

A British motor firm which is selling its products in large quantities abroad is Vauxhall. Forty per cent. of the output of Bedford commercial vehicles is

being exported to-day. I paid a visit to this factory recently since the new extension and new machine tools have been laid down in the works. To-day one sees a complete passenger car or commercial vehicle coming off the assembly line every six minutes of the working day. In fact, the Vauxhall works are being run as a six-minute operation for all the fashioning of the raw material into the finished article. Consequently each process of machining crankshafts, cylinders, pistons, gears, gear-boxes, clutch, brakes, and the 2000-odd parts which every chassis consists of, is all timed on this six-minute basis to coincide with the work done by the huge presses stamping and fashioning the steel plates into wings and panels for the coachwork. The immensity of the works dawns on the visitor when he looks round shops of three acres extent under one roof. I was mostly impressed by the won-

derful care to ensure correctness to gauge of every item used in the construction of Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks. Every process in each of its stages is checked and re-checked, so that there are about 400 men employed to check the work done by the 4000 hands now engaged, or one man to test by the most accurate gauges the work done by every ten

[Continued overleaf.]

A MORRIS "TEN" GIVING AN UNUSUAL PROOF OF ITS RESERVE OF POWER AND GENERAL SOUNDNESS ON PARK RASH: THE CAR PHOTOGRAPHED CLIMBING THIS FAMOUS YORKSHIRE HILL, WHICH IS RENDERED DOUBLY FORMIDABLE BY THE LOOSE SURFACE OF THE "ROAD."

a notable instance of this, the 1932 registrations of cars in Australia show that 34 per cent. were British motors, as compared with 19 per cent. in 1931. Also in Tasmania 46.6 per cent. were British cars in the 1932 new registrations, while in South Australia the new cars registered that year were British for 44 per cent. of the total. It is true that the U.S.A. still has the major representation, but, if matters continue progressing as they have been,

one can expect to see the British motor manufacturers obtaining over 50 per cent. of the business, and even a greater proportion in the near future.

In England, the number of imported motor vehicles sold each year is very small, and, while there will always be a small market for foreign cars here, it is unlikely to be more than about 2 per cent. Some day our British manufacturers hope that the Empire will reduce its purchases of other countries' cars to that low figure and buy practically only British-made automobiles. New Zealand also has largely contributed to the increase of the British motor export trade. The Trade Commissioner in New Zealand, Mr. L. A. Paish, in an address at the Chamber of Commerce in Coventry,



A VAUXHALL "CADET" AT A FAMOUS HOUSE IN MALTA: LORD STRICKLAND, THE FORMER GOVERNOR, AND LADY STRICKLAND, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THEIR CAR IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR RESIDENCE AT CASAL ATTARD.

those entered from the City Militia. The Dutch owners of the British cars completed their trial without the loss of a single mark, much to the surprise of sceptical Dutchmen who had previously held the belief that only high-powered cars had a chance of success in so strenuous an event. An average speed of 26½ miles an hour was scheduled for the competitors, who started from Amsterdam and then had to visit most of the important towns of Holland during the run round the 1000-kilometre route as laid down for this trial. In fact, this City Militia motor-run was on the lines of our R.A.C. Rally, with checks at the various important towns.

Due to English cars taking part in Continental competitions, British motor manufacturers are building up quite a good connection on the Continent. Also, since England came off the gold



MOTERING IN APRIL: A FORD 8-H.P. "TUDOR" SALOON IN A VERNAL SETTING.





*From a  
World Traveller  
& Lecturer  
to Carreras Ltd.*

"When speaking in public for an hour-and-a-half or two hours at a stretch, as I frequently do, it is most necessary for me to keep my throat in good order. I find that a cigarette, just before a lecture, is very soothing to the nerves, and, I have tried nearly every brand in order to discover one which would satisfy and soothe, without irritating my throat and causing that annoying little cough which is so fatal to effective speaking. The only brand that I have discovered which completely fills the bill is Craven 'A'. I can smoke as many of these as I like—and when I like—without any ill effects. Another point in their favour is that in whichever part of the World I buy them, I find them always in the same perfect condition . . ."

(Original letter can be verified.)



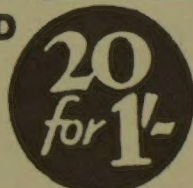
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SOLD - FRESH  
wherever & whenever you buy

*Made specially to prevent sore throats*



*Continued.]*  
men. The result is that everything fits and balances without any trouble. When I say that one car or truck is produced every six minutes, I should explain that the assembly line keeps up that rate of production until the body-work is to be fitted on the chassis. At that point the assembly line branches into two lines, and actually these two lines produce two complete vehicles every twelve minutes. The reason for the dividing of the line is to allow the extra time for the upholsterers and fitters on polishing and finishing the coachwork on the chassis.

**Life Story of the Talbot.** Sir Frank Fox has kindly sent me a most artistic book, "The Life Story of the Talbot," bound in soft, calf-finished paper, which is quite unique for motor biographies. The story of Talbot cars from their birth in 1902 up to the present time is told in its pages, illustrated with pictures, and the volume contains as well a brief biography of the men who have made the present Talbot cars the successful vehicles they are in a high-class market. It is also a catalogue of the detail parts of Talbot cars,

explained to show their qualities and the reason why such are used in Talbot construction. I do notice, however, that the author has omitted to mention that it was the pre-war Talbot engine which set the fashion for the long-stroke motor which has been continued to present-day models by all makers. But there is plenty of interesting news in this new style of catalogue, so that it makes most interesting and informative reading. Thus I expect to find myself looking on the wire wheels of Talbot cars for the little white marks which indicate the balance weights, fitted to perfect the balance of the wheels when equipped with tyres and tubes, and thus help to secure safety and comfort at high speeds. But racing has taught the Talbot engineers so many necessary things to be done to produce the perfectly safe and fast car which only practice could discover. So it is fitting that "The Life Story of the Talbot" pays due tribute to the lessons learnt by their racing successes, and also by their failures. The latter, I am glad to say, have been very few during the past few years, as Talbots have won practically all the class events in which they have been entered,

besides open handicaps. I can recommend the perusal of this book by every motorist interested in a car which has a wonderful record behind it and a prosperous future, due to a popularity gained by high merit of performance.

A pageant of success, stretching the length of a gallery at Olympia, is to be a feature of the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition next July, it is announced. Famous national advertisers from all over Great Britain are to take part in it. Each exhibit will consist of the original production of the firm concerned; together with the original price. Illustrated diagrams will connect these with the very latest product, which will also be priced. In this way not only will a graphic history of British enterprise in the last hundred years be shown, but the housewife and the business man will be able to see how advertising reduces the costs of goods and at the same time makes possible an increase in their standard of quality. A large number of firms from all over the country have enthusiastically agreed to support the scheme.

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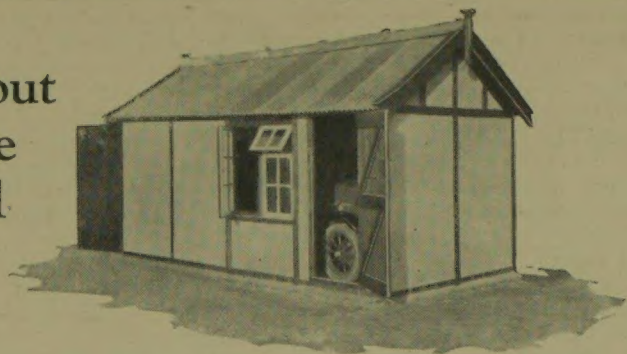
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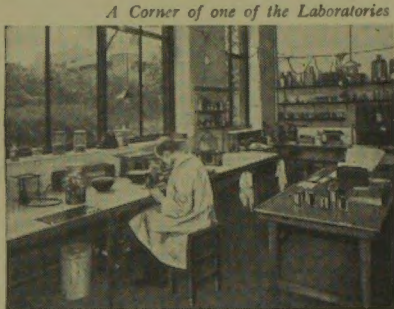
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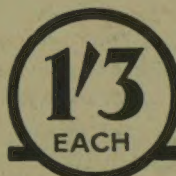


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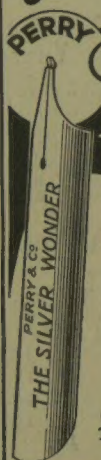
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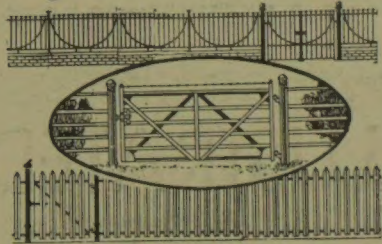
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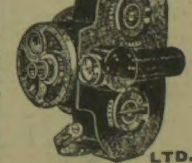
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